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THE LADY EVE

October 18, 1940

[redacted]

THE LADY EVE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JEAN.....Barbara Stanwyck

CHARLES PIKE.....Henry Fonda

COLONEL HARRINGTON.....Charles Coburn

GERALD.....

MUGGSY.....William Demarest

MR. PIKE.....Eugene Pallette

MRS. PIKE.....Janet Beecher

SIR ALFRED McGLENNAN-KEITH.....Eric Blore

PIKE'S CHEF.....Luis Alberni

PIKE'S BUTLER.....Robert Grieg

THE PURSER.....

* * *

Prof. Jones, 1st-Class Steward, Bartender, 2nd-Class Steward, Bank Manager, Martha, the maid, Gertrude, middle-aged maid, Man with potted palm, Piano tuner, Footman, Lawyer at telephone, Second Lawyer, Third Lawyer.

* * *

SEQUENCE "A"

After the Main Titles, which will be an airbrush rendition of the Garden of Eden complete with snake --

FADE IN:

A-1 CLOSE SHOT - EMMA - IN HER BOX

She is a remarkably (Westmore) marked garter snake, coiled amiably in her box.

PROF. JONES' VOICE
... once a day is plenty. Just a couple of flies, a sip of milk and maybe a pigeon's egg on Sundays.

A-2 CHARLES PIKE, PROF. JONES, MUGGSY, TWO YOUNG SCIENTISTS, SEVEN INDIANS AND THE BRAZILIAN PILOT OF THE MOTOR LAUNCH - IN THE SELVA AT THE EDGE OF THE JUTAHY

In other words, the bank of a tropical river. Everybody is dressed for the tropics. Charles is receiving Emma's box from Prof. Jones and the others are gathered around in farewell. The launch, with the luggage piled on its deck, is chugging IN THE BACKGROUND.

CHARLES
I certainly will, Professor.

PROF. JONES
Keep her warm as you get further north and sometimes let her out of her box... to play a little.

CHARLES
I certainly will, Professor.

PROF. JONES
Tell Dr. Marzditz I have named her in his honor: Colubrina Marzditzia, and that this is only the beginning of what I am bringing out...when I come out.

CHARLES
I'll do that, Professor, and I want to tell you... all of you... how much I've enjoyed being on this expedition with you. If I had my way, believe me, this is the way I'd like to spend all my time... in the company of men like yourselves... in the pursuit of knowledge.

(Continued)

A-2 (Cont'd)

PROF. JONES
Good-bye, Charlie.
(Putting a hand on his shoulder)
If you get a chance to come back ... this is where we'll be... give my affectionate salutations to your father and thank him again for making the Pike expedition possible... and I hope... a success.

CHARLES
I will, Professor.

PROF. JONES
Good-bye, my boy... good-bye, Muggsy, my good friend.

MUGGSY
So long, Prof... don't take no wooden money.

CHARLES
(To one of the young scientists)
Good-bye, Sparky. Good-bye, Mac - good-bye, boys.

THE LEADER OF THE INDIANS
So long, Sarlie.

MUGGSY
So long, gang.

Now an Indian lady comes from behind a tree. She puts a wreath of flowers around Muggsy's neck.

MUGGSY
(A little self-consciously)
So long, Lulu... I'll send you a post card.

He climbs on the launch and helps Charles aboard. The pilot casts it loose.

PROF. JONES
Be careful of the traffic...you haven't dodged any in a long time.

MAC
And be careful of the dames. -- You haven't dodged any of them in a long time either.

CHARLES
(Laughing)
You know me, Mac... nothing but reptiles.

A-2 (Cont'd)

They all wave good-bye and the little whistle on the launch shrills sharply. As it lets off a cloud of steam --

DISSOLVE TO:

A-3 LOW CAMERA SHOT - UP AT A VERY PRETTY GIRL - AT THE RAIL OF THE S.S. "SOUTHERN QUEEN"

She's a sweetie in a sweater and looks particularly well, leaning on the rail of the ship.

THE YOUNG GIRL
There he is!

A-4 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - ON A LAUNCH SOME DISTANCE AWAY

A-5 AN OFFICER - ON THE BRIDGE

He throws the engine room telegraph to "Stop" then does whatever one does to make the whistle blow. As the whistle starts to blast --

A-6 LOW CAMERA - UP AT A STEAMSHIP WHISTLE

It is vibrating deafeningly.

A-7 CLOSE SHOT - THE LAUNCH WHISTLE

It peep-peeps its answer over the distant sound of the steamship whistle.

A-8 LOW CAMERA SHOT - UP AT THE PASSENGERS - AT THE RAIL OF THE S.S. "SOUTHERN QUEEN"

We start with the young lady we saw before but we don't hear the first few of them speak because of the boat whistle. Thus we see: The young girl, her mother, her father, a Spanish family, and a steward in uniform. Now the whistle stops blowing and we hear what the people say.

A MOTHER (A)
You mean the Charlie Pike?

ANOTHER MOTHER (B)
(To her daughter)
Go change your dress.

A MAN WITH GLASSES (C)
--- way up in the jungle looking for something or other. I read about it it the National Geographic.

A-8 (Cont'd)

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (D)
No, I tell you Charles Pike.

ANOTHER WOMAN (E)
You mean the Bridgefield Pikes? ... the brewers?

HER HUSBAND (F)
Why not?

A WOMAN (G)
You'd think he'd have a bigger yacht than that if he's so rich.

HER HUSBAND (H)
That isn't a yacht; that's a tender.

THE WOMAN (G)
What's a tender?

ANOTHER GIRL (J)
(To her father)
I thought you said Schlitz.

HER FATHER (K)
I said Pabst.

THE MAN NEXT TO HIM (L)
It was Pike.

THE GIRL (J)
You mean the Pike... Charlie Pike?

THE YOUNG MAN WITH HER (M)
So what?

A MOTHER (N)
(To her daughter)
Go put on your shorts.

A DAUGHTER (O)
(To her mother)
But, I can't drink it, mamma, it makes me sick.

HER MOTHER (P)
You can try, can't you?

THE GIRL (O)
(Confidentially)
It makes me puke.

HER FATHER (Q)
(Astonished)
Puke!

A-8 (Cont'd)

THE MAN NEXT TO HIM (R)
No, Pike.

HIS WIFE NEXT TO HIM (S)
You mean the Pike?
(Then to her daughter)
Go put on your peek-a-boo.

For the last six people the CAMERA HAS PICKED UP Gerald who is walking behind them. We reach the end of the people and follow Gerald a few steps more until he reaches Colonel Harrington leaning on the rail. Colonel Harrington wears a black and white checked cap.

GERALD
Pike.

COL. HARRINGTON
Ah.

He turns and speaks to someone OUT OF THE PICTURE.

COL. HARRINGTON
Pike.

The CAMERA MOVES ON to Jean, whose real name is Eugenia. She is a smart looking girl engaged at the moment in nibbling an apple.

JEAN
Oh.

She looks down speculatively.

A-9 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - DOWN ON THE LAUNCH COMING ALONGSIDE

We see Charles and Muggsy.

A-10 JEAN, COL. HARRINGTON AND GERALD

JEAN
Is he rich?

Col. Harrington looks inquiringly at Gerald.

COL. HARRINGTON
Is he rich?

GERALD
I'll find out, but he'd almost have to be ... to stop a boat. He's been up a river somewhere ...

He moves OUT OF THE PICTURE and the CAMERA COMES INTO A TIGHT TWO.

JEAN
(Poising the apple)
Haven't we all...I wonder if I could clunk him on the head with this?

A-10 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
Don't be childish, my child.

JEAN
(Fervently)
I hope he's rich; I hope he thinks he's a wizard at cards....

COL. HARRINGTON
From your mouth to the ear of the Almighty.

JEAN
....and I hope he's got a big, fat wife so I don't have to dance in the moonlight with him. I don't know why it is, but a sucker always steps on your feet.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Looking over the rail)
A mug is a mug in everything.

JEAN
I don't see why I have to do all the dirty work...there must be plenty of rich old dames just waiting for you to push them around...

COL. HARRINGTON
You find them and I'll push them.

JEAN
(Grinning)
Boy, would I like to see you giving some old harpy the three-in-one.

COL. HARRINGTON
Don't be vulgar, Jean...Let us be crooked but never common.

A-11 GERALD - APPROACHING WITH A PASSENGER LIST IN HIS HAND The CAMERA PANS HIM INTO A THREE SHOT.

GERALD
He is.

COL. HARRINGTON
Hunh?

GERALD
As the steward so picturesquely put it: He is dripping with dough.

JEAN
Pike?

A-11 (Cont'd)

GERALD
You said it.

JEAN
What does he own, Pike's Peak?

GERALD
No, no...Pike's Pale....

A-12 INSERT

He turns the passenger list over for their inspection. The back page is taken up by a beefy football player squatting, bracing himself with two fingers of each hand. Above and below this we see:

"PIKE'S PALE
The Ale That Won For Yale"

GERALD'S VOICE
(Reading)
Pike's Pale, the ale that won for Yale.

A-13 JEAN, COL. HARRINGTON AND GERALD

Jean holds the apple out over the side of the ship and squints down as if aiming.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Suddenly noticing what she's doing)
Don't do that!

He is, however, too late. The apple falls and the three of them lean way out to watch its descent. They hold this for quite a moment.

A-14 CHARLES - JUST STARTING UP THE JACOB'S LADDER FROM THE LAUNCH

Muggsy is steadying the ladder for him. The apple socks Charles on the head and splatters on to Muggsy. Charles' head gives a little and one foot slips off the lower rung of the Jacob's ladder and dunks in the sea. Muggsy steadies him, then looks straight up.

MUGGSY
(Wiping some apple out of his eye)
Hey!

FADE OUT

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

SEQUENCE "B"

FADE IN:

B-1 A SERVICE BAR AT ONE END OF THE MAIN DINING ROOM OF THE S.S. "SOUTHERN QUEEN"

A STEWARD
(Coming up to the bar)
Six more Pike's Pale, and snappy, my lad.

BARTENDER
What are you trying to do, embarrass me? We're all out of Pike's. Work something else off on them.

B-2 THE STEWARD AND THE DINING ROOM BEHIND HIM - PAST THE BARTENDER

THE STEWARD
They don't want nothing else... They want the ale that won for Yale...rah-rah-rah!

BARTENDER
Well, tell 'em to go to Harvard.

B-3 CLOSE SHOT - A BOOK - IN CHARLES' HAND

The title of it is: "ARE SNAKES NECESSARY?

by
Hugo Marzditz"

The CAMERA DRAWS BACK SLOWLY and we see Charles reading. The coffee and after-dinner mints on the table indicate that the meal is over. He turns a page, looks up vaguely, then recoils.

B-4 A FATHER AND A MOTHER AND TWO DAUGHTERS

The women are looking at us hungrily. Four bottles of Pike's Pale adorn the table.

B-5 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLES

He frowns a little, then looks the other way. Again he recoils.

B-6 TWO YOUNG WOMEN - AT A TABLE

They are looking this way sulphurously.

B-7 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLES

He looks back in the other direction, recoils once more, then returns to his book.

B-8 COLONEL HARRINGTON AND JEAN

They are at a table at the side of the main passage, i.e., I must be able to SHOOT PAST Jean AT Charles while she is looking at him, and Jean must be able to trip him up as he passes.

JEAN
(Looking into her mirror)
Not good enough.

COL. HARRINGTON
What did you say?

JEAN
I said they're not good enough for him. Every Jane in the room is giving him the thermometer and he feels they're just a waste of time.

B-9 JEAN'S HAND AND THE MIRROR - S.E. SHOT OF CHARLES IN MIRROR

JEAN
He's returning to his book...he's deeply immersed in it...He sees no one except watch his head turn when that kid goes by...it won't do you any good, dear, he's a book-worm, but swing them anyway...yes, they're straight...you don't have to worry, but she's a little flat in the front...now here comes one that's a little flat behind...that's right, dear, just a quick one then back to the book.

B-10 JEAN PAST COLONEL HARRINGTON

JEAN
The dropped kerchief! That hasn't been used since Lily Langtry...you'll have to pick it up yourself, madam... it's a shame, but he doesn't care for the flesh; he'll never see it.

B-11 JEAN'S HAND AND THE MIRROR - S.E. SHOT OF CHARLES IN MIRROR

NOTE: Only enough of this dialogue will be used to match the action.

JEAN
That's right...pick it up... it was worth trying anyway, wasn't it?...Look at the girl over to his left...look over to your left, bookworm...there's a girl pining for you...a little further...just a little further. THERE! Now wasn't that worth looking for? See those nice store teeth, all beaming at you. Why, she recognizes you! She's up...she's down, she can't make up her mind, she's up again! She recognizes you! She's coming over to speak to you. The suspense is killing me. "Why, for heaven's sake, aren't you Fuzzy Oathammer I went to manual training school with in Louisville? Oh, you're not? Well, you certainly look exactly like him... it's certainly a remarkable resemblance, but if you're not going to ask me to sit down I suppose you're not going to ask me to sit down... I'm very sorry. I certainly hope I haven't caused you any embarrassment, you so-and-so," so here goes back to the table. Imagine thinking she could get away with anything like that with me...I wonder if my tie's on straight...I certainly upset them, don't I?

B-11 (Cont'd)

JEAN (Cont'd)
Now who else is after me? Ah! the lady champion wrestler, wouldn't she make an armful... Oh, you don't like her either... Well, what are you going to do about it... Oh, you just can't stand it any more... you're leaving... these women just don't give you a moment's peace, do they... Well, go ahead! Go sulk in your cabin! Go soak your head and see if I care.

B-12 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLES

He rises, places a finger in his book and starts for the door of the main dining room. The CAMERA PANS WITH him. As he gets a little distance away from Jean and her father --

B-13 POINT-OF-VIEW SHOT

Jean and her father watch us rigidly. Suddenly Jean gets lower in her seat as she stretches out under the table. Charles goes hurtling PAST THE CAMERA and we hear a frightful crash.

JEAN
(Half-rising)
Why don't you look where you're going?

B-14 CHARLES - BEING HELPED TO HIS FEET

CHARLES
Why don't I look?

He walks back toward Jean.

JEAN
Look what you did to my shoe... you knocked the heel off.

CHARLES
I did? Well I'm....certainly very sorry...

B-14 (Cont'd)

JEAN
You did, and you can just take me right to my cabin for another pair of slippers.

CHARLES
(Slightly rattled)
Oh...well...certainly...I guess it's the least I can do...by the way, my name is Pike.

JEAN
Everybody knows about that... nobody's talking about anything else...This is my father, Colonel Harrington...my name is Jean, it's really Eugenia.
(She takes his arm)
Come on.

With only one heel she starts out like Lady Gimp. As they move OUT OF THE SHOT, the CAMERA PANS ONTO Colonel Harrington and the Steward.

THE STEWARD
(Full of admiration)
Gorgeous...like Grant took Richmond.

Colonel Harrington gives the Steward a disapproving scowl.

B-15 JEAN AND CHARLES - LEAVING THE DINING ROOM

JEAN
Funny, our meeting like this, isn't it.

CHARLES
Yes, isn't it?

JEAN
(Looking up into his face)
Maybe fate.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-16 GERALD - IN COLONEL HARRINGTON'S CABIN

We see him from the rear. He is in his shirt sleeves, apparently writing a letter.

B-17 CLOSE SHOT - GERALD

Before him are perhaps fifty packs of the S.S. "Southern Queen's" private cards. One pack has been opened without breaking the stamp and Gerald is busy marking the cards. He finishes the pack, which had three cards to go, and puts them carefully back in the box. As he glues the stamp back in place we hear a peal of Jean's laughter. With one movement Gerald slips the cards into a drawer and leaps into his coat. The CAMERA PANS him to the door of Jean's room. He opens it a crack and peers through.

B-18 JEAN'S CABIN - FULL SHOT

It is SOMETHING...modern, handsome and romantic. It has its private deck. Jean limps in, followed by Charles who closes the door after him.

CHARLES
(Looking around)
Holy Moses!

JEAN
What's the matter?

CHARLES
(Inhaling deeply)
That perfume.

JEAN
What's the matter with it?

CHARLES
It's just that...I've been up the Amazon for a year... they don't use perfume.

JEAN
Oh...
(She points to a closet)
The shoes are in there...because you were so polite you can pick them out...and then put them on... if you like.

Charles looks at her strangely, then opens the closet door, revealing a compartmented shoe bag with fifty pairs of shoes.

B-18 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
Holy Moses!

He touches several pairs of shoes shyly, then lifts out a pair. Jean laughs behind his back, then sits down.

JEAN
Those the ones you want?

CHARLES
(Turning slowly)
Doesn't seem possible for anybody to wear anything...that size.

JEAN
That's pretty.

Charles gets on one knee clumsily. Jean extends the foot with the broken heel.

CHARLES
(Huskily as he takes hold of her foot)
I hope...I didn't hurt you.

JEAN
Of course you didn't.
(Looking at him)
Don't you feel well?

CHARLES
I'm all right.

He takes off her broken slipper and slips on the new one.

JEAN
What were you doing up the Amazon?

CHARLES
Looking for snakes...I'm an Ophiologist.

JEAN
I thought you were in the beer business.

B-18 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
Beer! Ale.

He takes off the other slipper and puts the new one on.

JEAN
What's the difference?

CHARLES
Between beer and ale?

JEAN
Yes.

CHARLES
My father would burst a blood vessel. There's a big difference... ale is sort of fermented on the top or something and beer is fermented on the bottom...or maybe it's vice versa. There's no similarity at all. The uh...you see, the trouble with being descended from a brewer, no matter how long ago he brooded, or whatever you call it, is that you're supposed to know all about something you don't give a hoot about. It's funny to be kneeling here at your feet and talking about beer, isn't it? You see, I don't like beer, bock beer, lager beer, or steam beer.

JEAN
Don't you?

CHARLES
(With some fire)
I do not! And I don't like pale ale, brown ale, nut brown ale, porter or stout which makes me ulp just to think about it. Ulp! But that hasn't stopped everybody from calling me Hopsie ever since I was six years old. Hopsie Pike!

JEAN
Hello, Hopsie.

CHARLES
Make it Charlie, will you?

B-18 (Cont'd)

JEAN
All right, but there's something kinda cute about Hopsie and when you got older I could call you Popsie...Hopsie Popsie!

CHARLES
(Smiling)
That's all I need.
(He looks down at her feet)
Now, here's a business I wouldn't mind being in...I never realized before how lovely it could be.

JEAN
Thank you.

She reaches out and touches his hair. Charles seizes her hand, then slowly lets it go.

JEAN
We'd better get back now.

CHARLES
I guess so. You see, where I've been, I mean up the Amazon, you kind of forget how...how...I mean when you haven't seen a girl in a long time...I mean there's something about that perfume that... that...

JEAN
Don't you like my perfume?

CHARLES
Like it! I'm cockeyed on it!

JEAN
(Getting to her feet)
Why, Hopsie...you ought to be kept in a cage.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-19 COLONEL HARRINGTON - IN THE SMOKING ROOM - TOYING WITH A PACK OF CARDS

Some couples are dancing and new people are arriving.

B-20 THE DOORWAY - FROM THE ELEVATORS

Jean comes in on Charles' arm and the CAMERA PANS THEM OVER to the Colonel.

COL. HARRINGTON
Well, you certainly took long enough to come back in the same outfit.

JEAN
I'm lucky to have this on. Mr. Pike has been up the river for a year.

CHARLES
(Embarrassed)
Now look, I...

COL. HARRINGTON
Pay no attention to my daughter's ribaldry....it always comes out in the women in our family. With the exception of myself, the men are all missionaries.

JEAN
And what an exception...Won't you have a drink with us?

CHARLES
Just a brandy, but you have it with me.

He picks up the pack of cards.

COL. HARRINGTON
Three brandies.

CHARLES
Have you seen this one?

He changes an ace of diamonds into a queen of spades.

JEAN
(Delighted; to her father)
Oh, he does card tricks.

CHARLES
(Modestly)
Just in a small way, of course.

(Continued)

B-20 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
Well, bless my soul. Do that again, will you?

Charles obliges.

COL. HARRINGTON
Extraordinary. How do you do it?

CHARLES
(Demonstrating)
You see, you palm it in this hand. That means you grip it with the palm of this hand... of course it takes quite a lot of practice.

COL. HARRINGTON
I can see how it might...amazing. It's a good thing I know who you are or I wouldn't play cards with you.

CHARLES
(Surprised)
Sir?

Jean points to a sign over Charles' head and he turns around and looks at it. The CAMERA ANGLES UP and we see the standard warning:

"BEWARE OF PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS!
The Company is not
responsible, etc.,etc."

The CAMERA ANGLES DOWN again.

CHARLES
(Embarrassed)
Oh, say, you really didn't think that uh...

JEAN
Of course not, silly...you look as honest as we do.

The steward arrives with the drinks.

(Continued)

B-20 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
(Raising his glass)
Washington and Valley Forge!

CHARLES
(Raising his glass)
Dewey and Manila!

JEAN
(After a fraction of a second's hesitation)
Napoleon and Josephine!

They drink. After a moment Charles gets a bright idea.

CHARLES
Say, how about a rubber of bridge?

JEAN
You're probably too good for us.

CHARLES
Well, I don't have to play my best, and besides, playing with you, no matter how you played, would always be a pleasure.

JEAN
Well, aren't you sweet.

CHARLES
(Looking around)
Who shall we get for a fourth?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Vaguely)
Isn't there a three handed game? I seem to remember vaguely having...

CHARLES
(Remembering)
Of course there is, and it will be much cozier...
(He hands Col. Harrington the cards)
Will you shuffle?

(Continued)

B-20 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
(Taking the cards clumsily)
I'll try.

He drops the cards on the table.

JEAN
Every man for himself.

Now she notices Charles staring at her.

CHARLES
(Coming to)
I, uh...What? Oh! Well...
(He chuckles)
...you go up the Amazon for a year and then you come out and meet you and...
(To the Steward)
Bring some more Brandy.

He beams at Jean.

B-21 COLONEL HARRINGTON - WATCHING THEM

He becomes so interested that he forgets what he is doing. He makes two expert passes with the cards, pulls them out once like an accordion and brings them together neatly before he catches himself and starts shuffling clumsily again.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-22 A DOOR WHICH IS MARKED: "SECOND CLASS SMOKING ROOM"

MUGGSY'S VOICE
(With irritation)
Here, let me see them conies.

GERALD'S VOICE
The pleasure is all yours.

B-23 CLOSE SHOT - GERALD AND MUGGSY - IN THE SECOND CLASS SMOKING ROOM

They are apparently playing rummy. Muggsy leans back after examining Gerald's cards.

(Continued)

B-23 (Cont'd)

MUGGSY
Well, I'll be a cock-eyed cookie-pusher.
(He throws down his cards)

GERALD
What's the matter now?

MUGGSY
Deal those shingles.

GERALD
(Smoothly)
You don't happen to have some beautiful damsel pining away for you, do you...That often explains it.

MUGGSY
Come on...let's go.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-24 GERALD AND MUGGSY - PLAYING CARDS

All the money is now in front of Gerald. Muggsy is in his shirt sleeves and looks very sour.

GERALD
(Raking in the last of the money)
There's no question about it; she's panting for you.

MUGGSY
(Furiously)
She must be croaking.

He rises and seizes his coat.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-25 JEAN, CHARLES AND COLONEL HARRINGTON - AT THE TABLE IN THE SMOKING ROOM

Charles seems in the act of making a grand slam.

CHARLES
I really feel very guilty about this...
(He laughs ruefully)

JEAN
Don't let it worry you.

(Continued)

B-25 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Working on the score sheet)
It's a good thing we weren't playing for money or I'd have you in bankruptcy. This last hand alone...

COL. HARRINGTON
(Interrupting)
Weren't we playing for money?

CHARLES
(Aghast)
Of course not! I never play for...

JEAN
(Interrupting)
But, we always play for money, darling...otherwise it's like swimming in an empty swimming pool.

CHARLES
(Pointing to the empty score sheet)
Yes, but if you count that last re-double...

COL. HARRINGTON
(Taking up the score sheet)
Nonsense, my boy! What does it amount to at ten cents a point...

CHARLES
(Startled)
Ten cents a point!
(He points to the score sheet)
Why, at ten cents a point...

COL. HARRINGTON
Purely nominal...now, let me see... plus six and four is ten and eight is eighteen and seven is twenty-five and five is thirty, I carry three plus nine is twelve and eight is twenty plus four is twenty-four, I carry two, plus eight and yes and yes and yes plus two, I carry six, is four thousand, nine hundred and eighty-six, at ten cents a point... roughly five hundred dollars.

He opens his wallet and whips out five hundred.

CHARLES
Oh, but now, really...wait a minute!

B-25 (Cont'd)

JEAN
Father's in the oil business, dear, it just keeps bubbling up out of the ground.

CHARLES
Oh, I thought maybe with the title of Colonel...

COL. HARRINGTON
Purely honorary.

JEAN
(Scowling faintly)
How much do I owe the sucker?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Looking at the score sheet)
Let me see...plus five and seven are twelve and nine is twenty-one and...

Jean looks up at somebody and frowns.

B-26 MUGGSY PEERING AROUND SOME CONVENIENT BARRIER

He looks deeply suspicious.

B-27 JEAN, CHARLES AND COLONEL HARRINGTON - AT THE TABLE IN THE SMOKING ROOM

COL. HARRINGTON
Six, seven I carry two, and one is three and five is eight and nine is...

JEAN
(Tapping Charles on the arm)
Who's the funny looking gink watching us?

Charles turns, the Colonel looks up and the three look at Muggsy.

B-28 CLOSE SHOT - MUGGSY

MUGGSY
(Suspiciously)
Everything on the up and up?

B-29 JEAN, CHARLES AND COLONEL HARRINGTON - AT THE TABLE IN THE SMOKING ROOM

CHARLES
(Laughing)
Everything's okay. Go to bed... I'm way ahead.

B-30 CLOSE SHOT - MUGGSY

MUGGSY
(Reluctantly)
All right.

He disappears around the barrier.

B-31 JEAN, CHARLES AND COLONEL HARRINGTON - AT THE TABLE

Colonel Harrington exchanges a look with his daughter, then continues his calculation.

JEAN
(To Charles)
Who's that, your nurse?

CHARLES
(Chuckling)
That's Muggsy. My father took him off a truck to watch over me when I was a kid...you know, kidnappers and stuff like that, and he's been sort of bodyguard, governess and a very bad valet ever since...he saved my life one time in a brawl, so the family's crazy about him.

JEAN
I should think you would be, too.

CHARLES
He's my buddy.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Finishing his calculation)
...and five is twelve, put down two and...roughly, a hundred dollars.

JEAN
(Taking a hundred dollar bill from her bag)
That's rough enough.

CHARLES
Now look here, since I had no underst--

B-31 (Cont'd)

JEAN
(Threateningly)
Don't you worry, I'll get it back...

CHARLES
Well...if that's a promise...

He picks the money up very reluctantly.

JEAN
You can depend upon it.

CHARLES
(Looking at the money miserably)
Then I'll certainly feel better.

JEAN
You certainly will.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Rising)
I think, if you don't mind, I'll toddle off and leave you young people to continue this interesting conversation.

CHARLES
(Rising)
Good night, sir.
(He indicates the money)
I'm really awfully sorry about this.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Raising a hand)
Beeswax, my boy, Beeswax.
(He pinches Jean's ear)
Good night, Jeanie.

JEAN
(Sticking her face up to be kissed)
Good night, darling.

Colonel Harrington winks at Charles and departs.

CHARLES
(Looking after him)
He's a nice fellow, your father.

JEAN
He's a good card player, too.

B-31 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Surprised)
Do you think so? I don't want to be rude, but I thought he was kind of uneven.

JEAN
He's more uneven sometimes than others.

CHARLES
(Logically)
That's what makes him uneven, of course, but now you, on the other hand, with a little coaching, you could be terrific.

JEAN
(Charmed)
Do you really think so?

CHARLES
Yes, you have a definite nose.

JEAN
Well, that's very nice of you...do you like any of the rest of me?

CHARLES
(Hastily)
Oh, but what I meant was in the card-playing sense, like you say...

JEAN
I know what you meant, I was just flirting with you.

CHARLES
(Paralyzed)
Oh...

He taps her hand nervously a couple of times, then lets his hand rest on hers.

JEAN
(After observing him for a moment)
You're not going to faint, are you?

CHARLES
Who, me? It's that perfume.

JEAN
Oh.

CHARLES
Do you think they're dancing anywhere on-board?

B-31 (Cont'd)

JEAN
(After a moment)
Don't you think we ought to go to bed?

Charles looks ahead rigidly for a moment, then turns and looks at Jean who looks back at him innocently.

CHARLES
(With a silly grin)
You certainly are a funny girl for anybody to meet who's just been up the Amazon for a year.

JEAN
(Getting to her feet)
It's a good thing you weren't up there two years.

Rising, Charles trips on the foot of the table. Jean steadies him. As they start out of the smoking room --

DISSOLVE TO:

B-32 A LONG CORRIDOR WITH STATEROOMS ON BOTH SIDES

We still hear the strains of music as Jean and Charles appear in the distance. As they get near us, they look at the numbers on the staterooms.

CHARLES
(Suddenly)
Say, I'm afraid we're on the wrong deck.

JEAN
(Round-eyed)
Well, isn't that a coincidence.

Charles looks at the other side of the corridor and recoils in surprise.

CHARLES
Well, for heaven's sake, here's my cabin.

JEAN
(Too astounded)
Fantastic!

CHARLES
(He clears his throat)
Would you care to come in...
(He clears his throat)
...and see Emma?

JEAN
That's a new one, isn't it?

B-32 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Putting his finger to his lips)
Sh!

Charles takes Jean's hand and enters the cabin. Jean looks up and down the corridor, then follows him.

B-33 INT. CHARLES' CABIN

On a banquette we see Emma's box. The lighting is shadowy and romantic. Charles leads Jean in and closes the door after her.

CHARLES
I don't want to wake her up.

JEAN
(Looking around)
Wake who up?

CHARLES
Emma.

JEAN
Who's Emma? I thought that was the flypaper.

CHARLES
Well, technically, she's a Colubrina Marzditzia, which seems to be a rare type of Brazilian glass snake that I'm taking back to...Hello, she got out again.

This last as he opens the cover of the box.

JEAN
(Ready to yammer)
A s-snake?

CHARLES
She's around here somewhere...

Jean starts to pick her skirts up to her garters.

CHARLES
(Looking around)
Be careful where you step.

JEAN
(Yammering)
L-let m-me w-wout of h-here!

B-33 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Smiling and putting a hand on her shoulder)
Don't be frightened. She's as gentle as a kitten. People just don't realize what affectionate, loyal, playful little pets snakes can...

Suddenly Jean points past his shoulder. Her eyes widen and her mouth stretches open.

B-34 CLOSE SHOT EMMA - COILED ON CHARLES' PAJAMAS ON THE BED

We hear a devastating scream.

B-35 JEAN AND CHARLES - IN CHARLES' CABIN

CHARLES
(Urgently)
Sh! Don't be frightened, it's really...

Jean screams like a steam whistle.

CHARLES
Don't do that! How's that going to sound to...

Jean opens her mouth wide and looks toward the door.

B-36 THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CHARLES' CABIN

Heads pop out as Jean comes catapulting out of the cabin with her skirts held higher than before. She flashes PAST US in nothing flat. Charles comes skidding after her, pauses to close his cabin door, then starts after Jean again. As he notices the people looking on, he changes from a run to a fast walk, then breaks into a run again.

B-37 THE CURVED STAIRCASE OF THE SHIP

Jean hurries PAST US and a second later Charles does likewise.

B-38 THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE JEAN'S CABIN

Jean arrives panting and Charles overtakes her as she puts her hand on the knob.

B-38 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Desperately)
I'm terribly sorry...I wouldn't have frightened you for the world. She just won't stay in her box. She's apt to show up at...

Jean looks down and around and ready to scream again.

CHARLES
(Holding her tightly)
Now, now, now.

JEAN
Why didn't you tell me you had a slimy...

CHARLES
(Interrupting)
But I thought you understood that Emma was a snake.

JEAN
How could I understand anything of the kind? Why should I suspect an apparently civilized man of...

CHARLES
Please.

He opens the door and supports her into the cabin.

B-39 INT. JEAN'S CABIN

Charles brings Jean in and closes the door after her.

JEAN
(Pointing)
Look under the bed.

CHARLES
(As to a child)
How could she possibly get down here and...

JEAN
(Almost in tears)
Please!

CHARLES
All right, all right.

B-39 (Cont'd)

He gets on his hands and knees and looks under the bed. Suddenly reaches way under for something. As he drags out something long and black --

B-40 FULL FIGURE SHOT - JEAN

She opens her mouth to scream but her vocal chords are paralyzed. She reaches for her skirts and climbs onto the chaise longue.

B-41 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - CHARLES - ON THE FLOOR

CHARLES
(Looking up at us)
It's only a stocking.

B-42 LOW CAMERA SHOT - JEAN - ON THE CHAISE LONGUE

JEAN
Well, if you see any more, leave them there. Now, look in the bed.

B-43 HIGH CAMERA - CHARLES

CHARLES
(Getting to his feet)
In the bed? How could she possibly...

B-44 LOW CAMERA SHOT - JEAN

JEAN
Go on, now.

B-45 CHARLES - AT THE BED

CHARLES
(Reaching inside the bed)
You know how fast we came down, so you can imagine...

Suddenly he pauses and yanks his hand out.

B-46 LOW CAMERA SHOT - JEAN

She steps onto the arms of the chaise longue to get up a little higher. Her mouth is ready for a scream.

B-47 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - CHARLES

He looks inside the bed and chuckles and reaches in.

CHARLES
It's nothing, but it might have given you a shock at that...There's nothing like a cold hot water bottle.

He pulls it out and chucks it on the bed.

B-48 LOW CAMERA SHOT - JEAN - PAST CHARLES, APPROACHING

JEAN
They would have had to bury me at sea...Help me down.

Charles takes her in his arms and seats her on the chaise longue.

JEAN
(Hanging on to him)
Don't let me go yet...sit down beside me...You don't know what you've done to me.

CHARLES
(Sitting on the floor)
I'm terribly sorry.

JEAN
That's all right.

She puts her arms around his neck.

CHARLES
I wouldn't have frightened you for anything in the world...I mean if there's one person in the world that I wouldn't have wanted to...

He smells of her hair and closes his eyes.

CHARLES
...it's you.

JEAN
(Putting her cheek against his)
You're very sweet...don't let me go.

B-48 (Cont'd)

Charles licks his lips nervously, steals a look at her gams and again seems on the verge of swooning. He looks away and pulls her skirt down a little.

JEAN
(Quietly)
Thank you.
(Then after a pause)
How was everything up the Amazon?

CHARLES
All right, thank you.

JEAN
(After another pause)
What are you thinking about?

Charles opens his mouth to speak, closes it again, then speaks almost with violence.

CHARLES
Nothing.

Jean looks at him innocently, then pursues.

JEAN
Are you always going to be interested in snakes?

She fools with his ear.

CHARLES
(Almost crossly)
In a way...snakes are my life.

JEAN
(After a very long pause)
What a life!

CHARLES
(After a pause)
I suppose it sounds kind of silly... I mean I suppose I should have married...and gone into the brewing business which I suspect my father's always wanted me to do...as a matter of fact he's told me so fairly plainly ...but I just don't care for the brewing business.

JEAN
You say that's why you never married?

B-48 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Chuckling)
Oh, no... it's just that I've never met her, that's all...I guess she's somewhere in the world.

JEAN
It would be too bad if you never bunked into each other.

CHARLES
(Shrugging)
Well...

JEAN
I suppose you know exactly what she looks like and everything.

CHARLES
I... I think I do.

JEAN
I'll bet she looks like...Marguerite in "Faust".

CHARLES
No...she hasn't...she isn't...
(He helps out with a gesture)
...hefty enough for an opera singer.

JEAN
Oh. How are her teeth?

CHARLES
(Startled)
Hunh?

JEAN
You should always pick one with good teeth...it saves expense later.

CHARLES
Oh...you're kidding me...maybe you should.

JEAN
Not badly. You have a right to have an ideal. I guess we all have an ideal.

CHARLES
What does yours look like?

JEAN
He's a little short guy with lots of money.

(Continued)

B-48 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
Why short?

JEAN
What does it matter if he's rich enough...it's so he'll look up to me...so I'll be his ideal.

CHARLES
That's a funny way of reasoning.

JEAN
Well look who's reasoning. And when he takes me out to dinner he won't ever add up the check or smoke greasy cigars...and he won't use grease on his hair either...and he won't do card tricks...

CHARLES
Oh.

JEAN
(Sweetly)
Oh, I don't mind your doing card tricks, Hopsie, I just mean you naturally wouldn't want your ideal to do card tricks.

CHARLES
I shouldn't think that kind of an ideal would be very hard to find.

JEAN
Oh, he isn't...that's why he's my ideal...what's the use of having an ideal you can't ever find any place? Mine is a practical ideal you can always find two or three of in every barber shop... getting the works.

CHARLES
Then why don't you marry one of them?

JEAN
(Almost indignantly)
Why should I marry anybody who looked like that? When I marry it's going to be somebody I've never seen before..I mean I don't know what he looks like or where he'll come from...

B-48 (Cont'd)

JEAN (Continuing)
(She holds him a little tighter)
...or what he'll be...I want him to sort of take me by surprise.

CHARLES
Like a burglar.

JEAN
That's right...the night will be heavy with perfume.

Charles inhales deeply.

JEAN
...and all of a sudden I'll hear a step behind me and somebody breathing heavily...and then...

She settles herself langorously as if for sleep. Her cheek brushes against his and she gives him a butterfly kiss. Charles looks ahead stonily and puts his fingertips to his forehead, then examines them for traces of sweat. Jean sighs softly and Charles looks around uneasily. Jean opens her eyes and discovers Charles still in the room.

JEAN
You'd better go to bed, Hopsie...I think I can sleep peacefully now.

CHARLES
(Almost angrily)
Yes, well I wish I could say the same.

He gets to his feet and hurries to the door.

CHARLES
Good night.

He looks at her indignantly, then goes out and slams the door after him.

JEAN
Why, Hopsie!

She giggles.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

10-18-40

SEQUENCE "C"

FADE IN:

C-1 GERALD BREAKFASTING IN THE SECOND CABIN DINING ROOM

He finishes a boiled egg, then removes a cover from a dish, takes a good whiff of the fish revealed, and starts to dissect it. Muggsy comes in behind him.

GERALD
(Seeing Muggsy)
Ah, good morning, Mr. Murgatroyd, I trust I see you full of zip and sparkle.

MUGGSY
(Looking around for the steward)
Morning.

GERALD
A dish of tea?

MUGGSY
I had my breakfast...where I come from we get up in the morning.

GERALD
(Waspishly)
Ah yes, and where did it get you, may I ask...or is that a personal question?

MUGGSY
(Resentfully)
Where did it get me! I'll tell you where it got me...

The Second Class Steward hurries INTO THE SHOT.

SECOND CLASS STEWARD
(Heartily)
Good morning, sir. Fruit, cereal, bacon and, roe, kipper, or how about a nice bloater?

MUGGSY
(To the horror of Gerald and the Steward)
Gimme a spoonful of milk, a raw pigeon's egg and four house flies. If you can't catch any I'll settle for a cockroach. I'll be on deck.

He moves OUT OF THE SHOT.

C-1 (Cont'd)

Gerald and the Steward watch him in stupefaction, then look at each other blankly. Now Gerald returns to the dissection of his fish. After a second he slams down the knife and fork, bangs the cover down on the dish and hands it to the Steward, his appetite destroyed.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-2 JEAN IN BED

Through the louvres, the bars of sunlight move slowly back and forth across the counterpane as the ship rolls a little. Suddenly she sits up and screams. She looks around wildly, then holds her heart.

C-3 THE DOOR TO COL. HARRINGTON'S CABIN

It bursts open and the Colonel appears in a dressing gown, a pack of cards in his hand. Gerald appears behind him.

COL. HARRINGTON
What's the matter?

C-4 JEAN IN BED

JEAN
I'm sorry...that slimy snake...I've been dreaming about him all night.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Coming INTO THE SHOT)
You mean Pike?

JEAN
(Smiling wryly)
No, his reptile. He travels with a snake act. He's an ophi...an ophalol... He likes snakes.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Horrified)
You mean he isn't in the beer business?

JEAN
He's in the ale business...It seems there's a very big difference....

C-4 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
(Chuckling)
You had me worried...I thought we'd sweetened the wrong kitty.

He stretches his fingers, then starts dealing hands on the bed.

JEAN
No, he's the real McPike...the poor sap...that card trick!

COL. HARRINGTON
Tragic.

JEAN
What are you dealing?

COL. HARRINGTON
Fifths.

JEAN
Like heck you're dealing fifths!

COL. HARRINGTON
You want to bet.

He shows her four aces on top of the pack, puts them back on the pack, then starts dealing five hands.

JEAN
I don't believe it.

In reply, Col. Harrington peels the four aces off the deck and shows them to her.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Modestly)
You never really need it...it's just virtuosity....

JEAN
Harry.

COL. HARRINGTON
Yes, darling.

JEAN
(Smiling like a little girl)
Tell me my fortune.

Colonel Harrington chuckles as he gathers his cards together.

C-5 CHARLES SHAVING - IN HIS CABIN WITH A SAFETY RAZOR

He is singing "Love in Bloom" in a voice that leaves something to be desired. Muggsy comes in behind him bearing a plate covered with another plate.

CHARLES
(Without turning around)
Did you get it?

MUGGSY
Close enough.

He sticks the plate in the snake box.

MUGGSY (Cont'd)
There, dunk your whiskers in that.
(He turns)
How much did you say you win last night?

CHARLES
(Shaving)
About six hundred dollars...but I'm going to try to lose it back to them.

MUGGSY
I don't get it...I lose forty bucks to their valay and I figure the guy is a cutie.

CHARLES
Because he took you?...Who do you think you are...Houdini?

MUGGSY
You don't have to be a whodunit to tell a cold deck when you get your mits on one. All you have to know is the difference between hot and cold. That guy rung in a cold deck in on me.

CHARLES
Balderdash! You're always suspicious of everybody. Remember that clergyman you said was a pickpocket and he turned out to be a bishop?

MUGGSY
Well, I still ain't so sure.

C-5 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Laughing)
And the guy you poked for trying to slip you a mickey only he was taking aspirin.

MUGGSY
I ain't so sure about him neither.

CHARLES
I suppose you think this gentleman and his daughter lost six hundred dollars to me just so they can fleece me later. First of all he happens to be Colonel Harrington, a very important oil man, and in the second place I'm an expert card player...I've been fooling with cards all my life...I do tricks with cards.

MUGGSY
They might know a couple you ain't seen yet.

CHARLES
Yeah. Go get some flowers some place and take them to Miss Harrington with my compliments and ask her if she'll have breakfast with me.

MUGGSY
Okay, it's your funeral.

CHARLES
Don't forget the flowers.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

C-6 CHARLES - AT A BREAKFAST TABLE - ON THE SIDEWALK CAFE OF THE S.S. "SOUTHERN QUEEN"

BEYOND and BELOW we see the swimming pool in use. Charles is watching anxiously for Jean. Suddenly he rises happily and his chair falls over. As he starts to pick it up --

C-7 JEAN - PAST CHARLES

She comes toward him in a pair of very elegant slacks. She carries one rose in her hand.

C-7 (Cont'd)

JEAN
Good morning. Thank you for the roses.
(She sits down)

CHARLES
I hope you slept well.

JEAN
I'm still a little jumpy...how is the uh...Emma?

CHARLES
She's just having her breakfast.

JEAN
(Without any pause in the middle)
What does she eat don't tell me.

CHARLES
I won't. I hope you didn't mind my asking you to breakfast.

JEAN
Well, it wouldn't be very polite if I said I did, would it?

CHARLES
(Vaguely hurt)
No, I don't suppose it would.

JEAN
(Leaning forward)
And it wouldn't be true, either.

CHARLES
(Happy again)
You've got the darndest way of bumping a fellow down and then bouncing him up again.

Jean laughs.

JEAN
And then bumping him down again.

CHARLES
Oh. I was just going to say that I could imagine a life with you being a series of ups and downs...

C-7 (Cont'd)

CHARLES (Cont'd)
Lights and shadows...sometimes irritation...but very much happiness.

JEAN
Why Hopsie! Are you proposing to me...so soon?

CHARLES
No, of course I'm not, I'm just...

He stares at her hypnotized.

JEAN
Then you ought to be more careful... people have been sued for much less.

CHARLES
(Warmly)
Not by girls like you.

JEAN
(After a slight pause)
Don't you know it's dangerous to trust people you don't know very well?

CHARLES
But I know you very well.

JEAN
I mean people you haven't known very long.

CHARLES
I've known you a long time...in a way.

A DECK STEWARD
(ENTERING THE SHOT, briskly)
Breakfast, sir?

CHARLES
(Bemused, turning slowly)
What did you say?

THE DECK STEWARD
(Surprised)
I said, breakfast, sir.

C-7 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
Two Scotch and sodas with plain water...you take it plain, don't you?

JEAN
(With a faint smile)
Don't you take cream and sugar in it?

CHARLES
No, I always drink it black.
(Suddenly he shakes his head)
Say, what am I talking about?

JEAN
That's what I was wondering.

THE DECK STEWARD
(Confidentially)
How about a nice bicarbonate of soda, sir, with an egg in it.... it does wonders.

CHARLES
(To Jean, pointing to the Deck Steward)
He doesn't understand.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-8 THE PURSER'S DESK IN THE LOBBY OF THE S.S. SOUTHERN QUEEN

The Purser and some of his assistants are visible. Muggsy COMES INTO THE SHOT and points a finger at the man with the most braid.

MUGGSY
You the purser?

THE PURSER
Yes, what is it, please?

MUGGSY
Wanta ask you a hypodermical question.

C-8 (Cont'd)

THE PURSER
(Keeping a straight face)
Maybe that would be better to ask the doctor.

MUGGSY
Never mind the wise cracks. What I want the dope on is this: if they happened to be a gang of card sharks on this tub...

THE PURSER
(Looking around uneasily)
Not so loud, please. In the first place there isn't, and in the second place...

MUGGSY
(Interrupting)
What I want to know is could you prove it if they was?

THE PURSER
(Severely)
A passenger is a passenger, my friend. If he pays for his ticket and doesn't steal the ship's towels, who are we to go slandering him? Furthermore, what do you mean by card shark? One man's card sharp is another man's bridge expert.

MUGGSY
I mean a guy who cheats.

THE PURSER
What do you mean by "cheating"? It's a very hard thing to prove. The companies have been trying for years...

MUGGSY
You don't happen to be a mouthpiece, do you? You talk like a law school.

C-8 (Cont'd)

THE PURSER
I was admitted to the bar, if that's what you're talking about.

MUGGSY
Well, the drinks are on you, baby. I watch out for the kid, see? ... the Pike Kid. I watch out for him and you're gonna watch out for him or you'll be right on the beach sellin' popcorn, you get me? His old man knows your president, a wire from me is all it takes, and when old man Pike goes into action you'll be in the side pocket, see? All I gotta do is...

THE PURSER
(Angrily)
You needn't try to intimidate me, Mr. uh...er...

MUGGSY
Murgatroyd to you.

THE PURSER
If I should discover that Mr. Pike was in any danger of being swindled, not that I admit there is any such possibility, you understand, I would consider it my duty to warn him.

MUGGSY
He's already been warned. What I need is some proof. You got any?

THE PURSER
In the event that I should consider it necessary, I might have some photographs, confidential, of course, of some of the better known... ALLEGED professional card players... NOT THAT I ADMIT THERE ARE ANY ON THIS SHIP, YOU UNDERSTAND.

MUGGSY
Naw, they're swimmin' alongside in the water. You keep your eyes peeled, baby, 'cause I got mine right in the middle of your back.

C-8 (Cont'd)

He turns and walks away. The Purser looks after him with extreme irritation, then turns to his assistants.

THE PURSER
(Crossly)
Well, get on with your work; what's stopping you?

DISSOLVE TO:

C-9 THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE JEAN'S CABIN - CHARLES AND JEAN

Jean takes Charles' hand, then opens the door.

JEAN
Goodbye for a little while.

CHARLES
It's been a wonderful day...will you meet me in the bar before dinner?

JEAN
I will.

CHARLES
Thank you.

Suddenly he kisses her hand and hurries away. Jean watches him go, then slowly enters her cabin and closes the door.

C-10 COL. HARRINGTON'S CABIN - HARRINGTON AND GERALD

Col. Harrington is in his shirtsleeves buttoning his waistcoat which has extra pockets in the small of the back.

GERALD
(Approaching with several packs of cards)
Do you want the strippers on the right or on the left?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Massaging his fingers)
I hardly need them, Gerald.

C-10 (Cont'd)

He picks up a pack of cards and shuffles them with lightning rapidity.

COL. HARRINGTON
I could take this boy with a deck of visiting cards.

GERALD
(Sticking two packs in the back of the Colonel's vest)
It's always better to be on the safe side...high card cuts are on the outside...cold hands in the middle.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Singing tonelessly)
Cold hands I love da-daddle-daddle da da...

GERALD
(Putting two more packs in the back of the Colonel's waistcoat)
Blue readers on the outside...red nearest the heart.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Chuckling)
I could play the whole ship with this.

Jean comes in from her cabin.

JEAN
(Quietly)
Hello, Harry.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Happily)
Greetings, my little minx. I hope I see you well and that your little pal hasn't fallen overboard...with our six hundred dollars.

JEAN
He's all right. He's just gone to dress for dinner.

C-10 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
Then you'd better do the same, my pearl of price, because we're going to play a little cards tonight... and I don't mean bumble-puppy.

JEAN
(After a pause)
I think Charles is in love with me.

COL. HARRINGTON
Well of course he's in love with you...who is he not to be in love with you...who have beautified the north Atlantic...better men than he...

JEAN
(Quietly)
I mean on the level, Harry.

COL. HARRINGTON
(With mock severity)
Are you suggesting that the others were on the bias? Name me but their names, my little Lorelei, and I will see to it...

JEAN
Stop kidding, will you?

COL. HARRINGTON
I'm not kidding. I've never been more delighted, you have as usual taken...

JEAN
(Interrupting)
You don't get the point. I like him too.

COL. HARRINGTON
Why shouldn't you like him? That's as fine a specimen of the sucker sapiens as I have ever encountered. There's a man who does card tricks! There is a sap who...

JEAN
I think he's going to ask me to marry him, Harry.

C-10 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
No.

GERALD
No.

JEAN
Yes.

GERALD
(Coming forward and taking her hand)
But that's wonderful, Jean.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Taking her other hand)
No wonder you're blushing! Standing breathlessly on the threshold of life...and it seems only yesterday you were a little howler fastened together with safety pins.

Jean lowers her eyes, puts her hands on her father's chest and sniffles.

COL. HARRINGTON
And that fortunate young man.

GERALD
Fortunate indeed.

COL. HARRINGTON
Can't you hear his pulses pounding... his ears must be ringing like telephone bells.

GERALD
His hands clammy with excitement.

COL. HARRINGTON
He won't know an ace from a deuce.

JEAN
(Looking up slowly)
You weren't thinking of taking him, Harry?

C-10 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
(Astonished)
Well, what were you thinking of?

JEAN
You can't rob your own son-in-law.

COL. HARRINGTON
Well, in the first place he isn't my son-in-law yet, and in the second place, if you can't rob your own son-in-law...

GERALD
Then who can you rob?

JEAN
(Levelly)
I don't think you understand, either of you...this is on the up and up...I think I'm in love with the poor fish...snakes and all... he's kind of touched something in my heart and I'd...I'd give a lot to be, I mean I'm going to be... exactly the way he thinks I am... the way he'd like me to be.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Exchanging a glance with Gerald)
I'm sure that's very noble, Jean, and I certainly wish you all the happiness in the world...all the little boys and all the little girls you want, and...

JEAN
(Quickly putting a hand on his arm)
And you'll go straight, too, won't you, Harry?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Blankly)
Straight to where?

C-10 (Cont'd)

JEAN
You know what I mean. You can come and live with us...part of the time anyway...we probably have a very beautiful place...and think how peaceful you can be...

COL. HARRINGTON
You mean playing cribbage with the gardener. I can just see myself wandering around your estate with a weed sticker and fifty cents a week...and some new slippers for Christmas. The trouble with people who reform is they always want to rain on everybody else's parade too. You tend to your knitting and I'll play the cards.

JEAN
Not with him.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Crossly)
Do you happen to remember that that sucker has six hundred dollars of ours in his kick?

JEAN
I suppose you could take that back...

COL. HARRINGTON
You said it...and a little gravy along with it.

JEAN
Oh, no.

COL. HARRINGTON
Oh, yes.

JEAN
Oh, no.

COL. HARRINGTON
Oh, yes.

C-10 (Cont'd)

JEAN
You'll find out I can play a little cards myself.

COL. HARRINGTON
You think so.

JEAN
(Harshly)
I know so. I'm not your daughter for free, you know.

She snatches a pack of cards from Gerald's hand.

JEAN
Give me a pack of those.
(As she starts to leave)
You'll find out.

She slams the door.

COL. HARRINGTON
(To Gerald)
Children don't respect their parents any more. If I'd spoken that way to my father...

Gerald looks toward heaven.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-11 JEAN, CHARLES AND COL. HARRINGTON - PLAYING THREE-HANDED POKER - IN THE SMOKING ROOM

CHARLES
(Examining a small stack of chips)
Well, I haven't been quite as lucky as usual, have I?

JEAN
You don't know how lucky you've been...the Colonel has been drawing wonderful cards.

C-11 (Cont'd)

She looks at her father who is shuffling the cards.

JEAN
(Coldly)
I believe it's my deal.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Chuckling apologetically)
I'm sorry.

He hands over the cards.

COL. HARRINGTON (Cont'd)
I'm so overcome by the news you brought me, I can't keep my mind on the game.

JEAN
I noticed that.
(She turns to Charles)
How much are you behind?

CHARLES
(Lightly)
Oh...about three thousand dollars.

Jean gives her father a look, shuffles expertly and starts dealing. As she finishes dealing, Charles picks up his cards and starts with pleasure. Now he changes his smile into a scowl, looks around suspiciously, then glances once more at his cards.

C-12 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLES' HAND

It contains four queens and a nine.

C-13 THE THREE PLAYING CARDS

Col. Harrington is looking intently at the back of Charles' cards. Now he gives Jean a look, then examines his own. He appears to be pleasantly surprised.

COL. HARRINGTON
Well, well, you've given me a good hand at last.

C-14 COL. HARRINGTON'S HAND

It contains a two, a five, a nine, a jack and a four of assorted suits.

C-14 THE THREE PLAYING CARDS

JEAN
I'm glad you like it.

CHARLES
I warn you, sir, you'll have to be pretty good to beat me.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Shoving in some chips)
Nevertheless, my lad, I shall have to bet you a hundred dollars on this.

CHARLES
(Shoving in some chips)
I'm afraid I'll have to raise you a hundred.

JEAN
(Throwing down her cards)
Too high for me.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Looking at the cards)
Well, well, you must have something good...still...

He smiles at his hand, starts to cough and with the hand that holds the cards reaches for his handkerchief. He coughs into this for a second, says:

COL. HARRINGTON
Excuse me.
(He examines his hand once more)
Still...

C-15 CLOSE SHOT - HIS HAND

Which contains four kings and a two.

C-16 CLOSE SHOT - JEAN

Her lips are compressed and she looks at her father through narrowed eyes.

C-17 THE THREE AT THE CARD TABLE

COL. HARRINGTON
(Putting his cards face down on the table)
Still I must raise you a hundred.

C-17 (Cont'd)

He pushes some chips into the middle of the table.

CHARLES
I'm sorry to see you lose your money, but I can't let that challenge go unanswered.

He shoves some chips into the middle of the table.

CHARLES
And a hundred.

COL. HARRINGTON
You're making me very nervous.

He picks up his cards, looks at them speculatively, then puts them down again.

COL. HARRINGTON
But I'll raise you two hundred.

CHARLES
(Chuckling)
A Pike doesn't know the meaning of the word fear. And a hundred.

He shoves some chips in.

COL. HARRINGTON
A Harrington does not know the word "defeat." And two hundred. This is getting exciting, isn't it?

As he shoves the chips in, Jean reaches out suddenly.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Abruptly)
What are you doing?

JEAN
I'm so sorry, dear. I thought I'd given you six cards.

COL. HARRINGTON
Far from it, my little minx -
(He examines his cards and adds in a dead voice)
...far from it.

C-18 COL. HARRINGTON'S HAND

It contains two sixes, a four, an eight and a ten, of assorted suits.

C-19 THE THREE PLAYING CARDS

Col. Harrington gives his daughter a gentle pained look. She glares back at him.

CHARLES
(Pushing his chips out)
And a hundred.

COL. HARRINGTON
My gracious. I hope I have enough money with me.

He takes out his wallet, places it on the table over his cards, looks inside, then says:

COL HARRINGTON
Oh, yes, plenty.

He puts the wallet back in his pocket without showing us the bottom of it.

COL. HARRINGTON
I'll raise you a thousand.

Jean glares at the cards in front of her father.

CHARLES
(Frowning)
Oh, I don't want to win so much from you.
(He pushes his chips in)
I'll cover and show you how hopeless it is.

JEAN
Cards?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Amiably)
I see no necessity for it.

JEAN
And you, Charles?

CHARLES
(Laughing)
Not unless you have another queen, which I doubt.

JEAN
(Laughing nervously)
I'll see what I can do.

She flips the top card face up on the table.

C-20 CLOSE SHOT - THE ACE OF SPADES

C-21 THE THREE PLAYING

JEAN
(Chuckling)
Well, what do you know about that... I thought at least one of you had four aces.

She turns and giggles at her father who gives her a very dirty look, then examines his cards sadly.

C-22 CLOSE SHOT - COL. HARRINGTON'S CARDS

They consist of four aces and a deuce.

C-23 THE THREE PLAYING

Charles turns up his cards.

CHARLES
Four queens, sir. What have you?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Folding his cards without showing them)
I regret to say that I was bluffing. Spare me the shame of showing you on what.

He gathers in the cards and starts shuffling them.

CHARLES
(Before Col. Harrington can reply)
Say, I feel kind of embarrassed about this. Maybe I should have laid my cards down and...

JEAN
(Laughing)
You don't think he minds, do you? Father loves to lose. How do you stand now?

CHARLES
Let me see, I started with uh...I'm just a thousand dollars behind.

JEAN
(Firmly)
You're going to stop right there.

C-23 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
Just one more round.

JEAN
You can play all night if you'd rather do that than be with me.

CHARLES
(Apologetically to Col. Harrington)
I'm afraid she's going to be firm.

COL. HARRINGTON
I'm afraid you don't know how firm.

JEAN
(Rising)
I'll meet you on "A" deck in five minutes, dear.

Colonel Harrington riffles the cards.

JEAN
(Pausing close to Charles)
But I want your word of honor that you won't play even one more hand.

CHARLES
You have it.

JEAN
(Smiling sweetly at her father)
You know any more games, Herry?
(She exits)

CHARLES
(Seating himself)
Wonderful girl.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Dryly)
Yes, isn't she?

CHARLES
I uh...I don't know whether you've noticed it or not but uh...well, if you have no objections, it was my intention to uh...ask Miss Harrington, I mean your daughter, to uh...
(He clears his throat)
...be mine.

C-23 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
(Astonished)
Why my dear boy! You see me astonished! That was the last thing that entered my mind. Why bless my soul, we must have a drink on that. Steward! I'm all emotional.
(He seizes Charles' hand)

THE PASSING STEWARD
Yes sir.

CHARLES
Thank you, sir.

COL. HARRINGTON
To say that I am thunderstruck is an understatement. She'll probably turn you down, but anyway....

CHARLES
I intend to make her as happy as...I can.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Riffling the cards)
She asks very little.

CHARLES
I suppose you know I'm very rich.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Sadly)
Aren't we all.

CHARLES
(Sadly)
I'm sorry in a way. It would be so pleasant to buy lovely nonsenities for somebody...who hadn't ever had them.

COL. HARRINGTON
Yes, wouldn't it...that's the tragedy of the rich: they don't need anything.

The steward brings the drinks.

COL. HARRINGTON
You know, as a matter of fact, Charles, I don't even like winning a thousand dollars from you.

CHARLES
(Embarrassed)
But my dear sir, it isn't a drop in the ocean. Every time the clock ticks fourteen people swig a bottle of Pike's and there you are.

C-23 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
(Raising a finger)
It is the principle of the thing that bothers me: a father who wins from his son-in-law...how does that look? Here...
(He plunks the deck of cards on the table)
...double or nothing...let's get rid of it.

CHARLES
But I promised Jean I wouldn't play any more.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Frowning)
This isn't playing...this is undoing an absurdity...a thousand dollars, the high card takes it...go ahead.

CHARLES
Well...
(He cuts a queen)

COL. HARRINGTON
(Cutting a king)
Darn it all, now we'll have to try again.

CHARLES
That's two thousand I owe you.

He cuts a deuce.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Cutting a trey)
Tt-tt...four thousand...keep on, keep on, you're bound to win.

CHARLES
(Cutting an ace)
There!...and I thank you for your courtesy.

COL. HARRINGTON
Don't mention it, my boy. Believe me, I feel better about the whole thing.

CHARLES
Are you conceding the cut?

C-23 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
Oh, well, just for the fun of it...
(He also cuts an ace)

CHARLES
We're tied.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Sadly)
Continue, continue, it's only a matter of time.

CHARLES
What is it, four thousand?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Apologetically)
For the moment...

Charles cuts a ten and with some embarrassment Colonel Harrington cuts a jack.

CHARLES
(With a trace of a frown)
What's that - eight thousand?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Frowning with displeasure)
It looks like it.

Charles cuts a four. As Colonel Harrington reaches for the cards --

DISSOLVE TO:

C-24 JEAN - ON "A" DECK

She is walking up and down in a beautiful outfit convenient for walking or sitting in the moonlight. She looks a little impatient. Now a terrible thought crosses her face. She pauses, then hurries toward the door which leads to the stairs.

C-25 CHARLES AND COL. HARRINGTON - AT THE TABLE

Charles is writing a check.

(Continued)

C-25 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
(Distressed)
I wish you wouldn't do that...I'm sure if you tried once more...

CHARLES
(Writing)
No...I'd rather pay thirty-two thousand than lose a really large amount.

COL. HARRINGTON
This is very embarrassing...just make it out to "cash".

CHARLES
(Wisely)
It could be even more embarrassing...

C-26 CHARLES' HAND WRITING THE CHECK

The date, the name of a New York bank and the word "bearer" have already been written in.

CHARLES' VOICE
(As he writes)
Thirty-two thousand dollars and no cents.

He signs: "Charles Poncefort Pike."

C-27 THE PURSER AND MUGGSY

looking on. Now they exit.

C-28 CHARLES AND COL. HARRINGTON - AT THE TABLE

CHARLES
(Handing over the check)
Don't mention the middle name, I wouldn't want Jean to know it... as a matter of fact, I'd prefer that you didn't tell Jean anything about...the whole transaction.

COL. HARRINGTON
You may depend upon it, my boy.

JEAN'S VOICE
You certainly may.

As they turn guiltily --

C-29 JEAN - PAST CHARLES AND COL. HARRINGTON

JEAN
(Accusingly to Charles)
You promised me you wouldn't play any more.

CHARLES
(Worried)
I didn't play any more, dear. We were just wiping out my loss.

JEAN
You need a keeper.
(Jean turns to her father)
And now that you've taught Charles not to play double or quits, what are you going to do with that check?

COL. HARRINGTON
Just this...my pretty child...

He takes the check in both hands, rolls it into a ball, then tears it in little pieces which he deposits in the ash tray.

CHARLES
(Stupefied)
You mean it was a joke?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Roaring)
Of course it was. You don't actually think I'd bleed my own...daughter's friend, do you?

JEAN
Perish the thought...Come on.

She drags Charles out.

THE STEWARD
That'll be two dollars and eighty cents, sir.

The Colonel gives him a look.

DISSOLVE:

C-30 THE DECK OUTSIDE THE SMOKING ROOM

Charles and Jean enter.

CHARLES
That was a terrible lesson the Colonel almost taught me.

C-30 (Cont'd)

JEAN
He's a great joker.

CHARLES
He certainly had me fooled... gee you look lovely.

JEAN
Thank you.

CHARLES
I spoke to your father about something.

JEAN
Did you?

CHARLES
Yes. Do you want to go up in the bow of the boat and stand in the wind?

C-31 THE BOW OF THE BOAT

In the BACKGROUND we see a moonlit sky. Jean and Charles come INTO THE SHOT.

JEAN
The air is good, isn't it?...It makes you feel all clean inside and nice.

CHARLES
(Suddenly)
Don't move.

JEAN
What?

CHARLES
I've just understood something...you see, every time I've looked at you here on the boat it wasn't only here I saw you: you seemed to go 'way back...I know that isn't clear but I saw you here and at the same time further away, and then still further away, and then very small...like converging perspective lines...no, that isn't it, more like figures following each other in a forest glade. Only 'way back there you were a little girl in short dresses with your hair falling on your shoulders, in the middle distance your hair is up but you're still gawky like a colt...then when you get nearer you look more like you do now, except not so pretty...but I've only told

C-31 (Cont'd)

CHARLES (Cont'd)
you half of it, because way back there a little boy is standing with you, holding your hand, and in the middle distance I'm still with you, not holding your hand any more because it isn't manly, but wanting to. And then still nearer we look terrible: you with your legs like a colt and mine like a calf... what I'm trying to say, only I'm not a poet, I'm an ophiologist, is that I've always loved you...I mean I've never loved anyone but you...I suppose that sounds as dull as a drug store novel, and what I see inside I'll never be able to cast into words...but that's what I mean.

Jean looks at him lovingly.

CHARLES
I wish we were married and on our honeymoon now.

JEAN
So do I.

He crushes her to him.

JEAN
But it isn't as simple as all that, Hopsie...I'm terribly in love... and you seem to be too, so one of us has to think and try to keep things clear...and maybe I can do that better than you can...they say a moonlit deck is a woman's business office.

Charles kisses her passionately.

JEAN
(Freeing herself)
What kind of a business is that?

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "C"

SEQUENCE "D"

FADE IN:

D-1 COL. HARRINGTON - IN HIS CABIN - DAY

He is brushing his hair in front of a mirror. He wears a dressing gown. The remains of some breakfast are in evidence. He seems quite cheerful. Finishing with his hair he goes to the door of the adjoining cabin and knocks.

D-2 JEAN - IN FRONT OF HER DRESSING TABLE

She is nearly dressed and is finishing her makeup.

JEAN
Come in.

The adjoining door opens and the Colonel enters and pauses in the doorway.

COL. HARRINGTON
Good morning.

JEAN
(Faintly contrite)
Good morning, Harry.

COL. HARRINGTON
Think you're pretty smart, don't you?

JEAN
(Apologetically)
You know I had to.

She gets up and crosses to him.

JEAN
You're such an old scoundrel you'd skin me if you got the chance.

She kisses him on the cheek and he pats her on the back.

JEAN
Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

COL. HARRINGTON
Are you really in love with this mug?

JEAN
Unhunh.

(Continued)

D-2 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
Don't you think it's a little bit dangerous...I don't mean for us, I mean for your heart. They're apt to be slightly narrow-minded... these righteous people.

JEAN
A man who couldn't forgive wouldn't be much of a man.

COL. HARRINGTON
How about his family?

JEAN
Well...

COL. HARRINGTON
You're going to tell him who we are, of course, before you...marry him... I presume he offered you marriage.

JEAN
(Laughing)
Of course he did.

COL. HARRINGTON
And you're going to tell him.

JEAN
Of course.

COL. HARRINGTON
But not until we get off the boat...you'd have to be fair...to Gerald and me.

JEAN
(After a slight pause)
Naturally.

COL. HARRINGTON
I hope you'll never be unhappy.

JEAN
I hope I'll never be more unhappy than I am right now.

COL. HARRINGTON
He's waiting for you?

JEAN
Unhunh.

COL. HARRINGTON
And you're in a hurry to join him?

JEAN
(Smiling)
Unhunh.

(Continued)

D-2 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
Then hurry up.

He kisses her on the forehead and she returns to her preparations.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-3 THE SIDEWALK CAFE

Charles is pacing up and down near a prettily set table.

D-4 MUGGSY AND THE PURSER - IN THE DOORWAY OF THE SMOKING ROOM

The purser carries an eight by ten envelope in his hand. They watch Charles for a moment.

MUGGSY
(To the purser)
Come on.

D-5 CHARLES LOOKING OUT OVER THE RAIL

Muggsy and the Purser come up behind him and Muggsy taps him on the shoulder. Charles swings happily, then his face falls.

CHARLES
Oh...what do you want?

MUGGSY
How much you lose last night?

CHARLES
Nothing, why?

THE PURSER
(Triumphantly to Muggsy)
You see.

MUGGSY
There's something screwy somewhere, this is a gang of sharpies.

CHARLES
(To the Purser, pointing to Muggsy)
Sherlock Holmes.
(Then to Muggsy)
How much did you lose?

MUGGSY
The guy lets me win a few fish for a change.

D-5 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
So that makes you twice as suspicious.

MUGGSY
That's right.

CHARLES
You ought to have some handles fastened onto your skull and you could grow geraniums in it.

Muggsy snatches the envelope from the Purser's hand and hands it to Charles.

MUGGSY
Yeah? Well get a load a this and see what you can grow in it.

He starts out. As he passes the Purser he says:

MUGGSY
Gratitude! ... 'at's what you get for savin' a guy's life.

He walks OUT OF THE SHOT.

THE PURSER
(Indicating the envelope)
If you didn't happen to lose any money last night, Mr. Pike, I would prefer you didn't look in there.

CHARLES
I didn't lose any money.

THE PURSER
Then there's only one other possibility... they might be aiming at higher game.

CHARLES
(Irritably)
What are you talking about?

THE PURSER
(Suddenly inspired)
You haven't fallen in love?

CHARLES
(Crossly)
What's that got to do with you?

THE PURSER
(Decisively)
Look at the photograph. I will take the consequences. Good morning.

He walks out.

(Continued)

D-5 (Cont'd)

Charles stands watching him go, then slowly turns his attention to the envelope. Now he takes out the picture. As he looks at it miserably --

D-6 INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH

It is a candid camera shot of Jean, her father, and Gerald descending the gangplank of their vessel. Below it the description reads: --

"Patrick Henry Harrington, alias 'Handsome Harry,' and Jean, probably his daughter. Harrington also known as Dr. Hersher, Major Charles D. D. Brown, the Reverend Doctor Upswitch, Captain Julius Joyce, retired, C. K. J. Malvern, etc., etc., poses also as dentists, physicians, and explorers. Specialty: cards, occasionally bunko, oil wells, mines and war charities. Third character, valet type, accomplice known as Gerald."

D-7 CHARLES - LOOKING AT THE PHOTOGRAPH

He sticks it carefully back in the envelope, looks around vaguely, then goes into the bar.

D-8 THE MAIN STAIRWAY

Jean comes up happily and the CAMERA PANS her to the entrance of the smoking room.

D-9 JEAN - IN THE ENTRANCE OF THE SMOKING ROOM- PAST CHARLES

She looks astonished to see him at the bar.

JEAN
Why Hopsie, what are you doing at the bar at this hour?

CHARLES
Good morning.

JEAN
(Very gently)
Good morning, darling.

She kisses him behind the ear.

JEAN
You look like the last grave over near the willow. Are you worried about something?

D-9 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
Should I be?

JEAN
Of course you should...falling in love with a girl in the middle of an ocean... you see, you don't know very much about girls, Hopsie: the best ones aren't as good as you probably think they are... and the bad ones aren't as bad...not nearly as bad.

Charles looks at her miserably.

JEAN
So I suppose you're right to worry... falling in love with an adventuress on the high seas.

CHARLES
Are you an adventuress?

JEAN
(After a pause)
Of course I am...all women are. They have to be. If you waited for a man to propose to you from natural causes you'd die of old maidenhood. That's why I let you try my slippers on... and then I put my cheek against yours... and then I made you put your arms around me and hold me tight...and then I fell in love with you...which wasn't in the cards.

CHARLES
(Looking away)
Jean.

JEAN
(Tenderly)
Yes, darling.

In reply he hands her the photograph.

JEAN
What's that?

CHARLES
You'd better look.

Slowly Jean takes the picture out of the envelope. She doesn't bat an eyelash as she looks at it.

JEAN
(In a small voice, after a moment)
Rotten likeness, isn't it? I never cared for that picture.

D-9 (Cont'd)

The smoking room Steward hurries INTO THE SHOT.

THE STEWARD
Good morning, Miss Harrington... breakfast? Melon, grapefruit, orange juice, sliced peaches...

JEAN
Just some coffee, please.

THE STEWARD
Yes indeed.

Jean reaches out and pats Charles' arm.

JEAN
Please don't look so upset, darling.... I was going to tell you when we got to New York...I would have told you last night only it wouldn't be fair to Harry and Gerald, I mean you never know how someone's going to take something like that...and maybe I wanted you to love me a little more...too.
(She looks at him)
Well you believe me, don't you? You don't think I was going to...marry you without telling you... you don't think that badly of me...or do you?

CHARLES
(Bitterly)
Why didn't you let your father rob me last night?

JEAN
If you don't believe what I just told you you wouldn't believe that either... you wouldn't understand...anyway, I'm glad you got the picture this morning instead of last night, if that means anything to you...it should.

CHARLES
You thought you were having a lot of fun with me, didn't you?

JEAN
I was having a lot of fun with you, Hopsie...more fun than I've ever had with anybody.
(She laughs ruefully)
You were certainly very funny showing Harry how to palm a card.

D-9 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Stung)
You were pretty funny yourself.

JEAN
When?

CHARLES
Trying to play me for a sucker when they told me who you were... the morning after I met you.

JEAN
(Unbelievingly)
Who told you?

CHARLES
Never mind who told me..

JEAN
(After a pause)
You mean you were playing me for a sucker...I don't believe it, but if you were, if you just wanted to make me feel cheap...and hurt me and... and...you succeeded handsomely.

She closes her eyes for a moment, then gets off the bar stool.

JEAN
You ought to be very proud of yourself, Mr. Pike...
(Her lips tremble and she bites them before repeating:)
...very proud of yourself.

She starts out. The Steward hurries INTO THE SHOT with a cup of coffee.

THE STEWARD
Your coffee, Miss.

Jean shakes her head and stumbles out of the smoking room.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-10 JEAN'S CABIN

She hurries in, gulps once, then throws herself on her face across the bed. She is racked with sobs.

D-11 THE DOOR OF THE ADJOINING CABIN

Col. Harrington appears with a deck of cards in his hands. He quickly puts the cards in his pocket and crosses to Jean's bed.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Sitting beside his daughter and patting her)
There, there, there, my gracious... you know you shouldn't draw to a middle straight.

JEAN
(Through her tears)
I hate him. Oh, how I hate that m-mug.

COL. HARRINGTON
There, there, there.

VERY SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

D-12 CLOSE SHOT - SHIP'S WHISTLE

Steam and noise emit from it.

D-13 LONG SHOT - THE S.S. "SOUTHERN QUEEN" BEING WARPED INTO HER DOCK IN NEW YORK

The whistle is still blowing.

D-14 JEAN, COL. HARRINGTON AND GERALD

They stand next to a pile of luggage. Jean looks very beautiful and very sore in a smart traveling outfit. She is looking in Charles' direction. Now she turns to her father.

JEAN
When I think we let that sucker get off Scott free, it makes my blood boil.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Airily)
I told you not to mix business and pleasure.

JEAN
(Bitterly)
I won't again you can believe me.

D-14 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
However, "Scott free" is perhaps an exaggeration, dear.

JEAN
Hunh?

In reply Col. Harrington takes the crumpled check out of his waistcoat pocket and hands it to her. Jean unfolds the check.

D-15 JEAN'S HANDS AND CHARLES' CHECK FOR $32,000

D-16 JEAN, COL. HARRINGTON AND GERALD

JEAN
(Quietly)
How did you do it?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Amused)
Don't you remember, he showed me how to palm things.

GERALD
(Taking a good look at the check)
It should come out like new with a hot iron..

JEAN
(Smiling faintly in Charles' direction)
I feel better myself.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "D"

SEQUENCE "E"

FADE IN:

E-1 THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE A N.Y. BANK

A cab pulls up and Charles steps out of it.

CHARLES
Wait, please.

DRIVER
I can't wait here, buddy.

CHARLES
(Sternly)
You can wait where you like.

He marches into the bank.

E-2 INT. BANK - LONG SHOT - JEAN WAITING

Charles moves into the foreground and stops at a desk with his back to her. He writes a check. Suddenly Jean sees him.

E-3 CLOSE SHOT - JEAN

Her eyes become wide with fright. She looks around for a way out. At this moment the wicket opens beside her and we see the teller accompanied by a middle-aged manager.

MANAGER
Miss Harrington?

JEAN
(Turning her back on Charles)
Yes.

MANAGER
(With a wolfish smile)
This check is for such a large amount that uh....heh heh heh...

JEAN
(Smiling also)
Of course, heh heh heh... just what do you want to know?

E-4 REAR VIEW OF CHARLES

He blots his check, faces us and looks slowly from right to left.

E-5 THE BANK ROOM - PAST CHARLES

All the windows have waiting queues except the one at which Jean stands with her back to us. Charles crosses toward her.

E-6 JEAN - AT THE WINDOW

JEAN
I don't know why not. The check is made to "Cash," and it seems to me..

MANAGER
(Interrupting)
You are quite correct, Miss Harrington, but after all, thirty-two thousand dollars is a rather large amount to uh...

The CAMERA DRAWS BACK AND BRINGS Charles INTO THE SHOT. He stands directly behind Jean.

MANAGER
...to pay over...to a complete stranger. If you would deposit this check in some other bank... or even in this one...

JEAN
(In a low voice)
But I tell you I'm going away.

CHARLES
Perhaps I can be of some assistance...

Jean swings and faces him but says nothing. Charles steps to the window.

CHARLES
I am Mr. Pike.

MANAGER
Why yes, Mr. Pike...

E-6 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Holding out his hand)
May I see the check you were discussing?

The manager gives it to him.

CHARLES
(Examining the check)
Ah, yes.
(He looks up at Jean)
You'd never know it had been crumpled, would you?... a good trick.
(Now he turns back to the Manager)
I believe we have ample funds to cover this.

MANAGER
(Embarrassed)
Of course we have, Mr. Pike, it wasn't at all a question of that...

CHARLES
Then pay it, please.

He flips the check through the window, then turns to Jean. His expression becomes quite miserable. Jean looks down and whispers:

JEAN
Good-bye.

Charles walks away fast.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "E"

10-18-40

SEQUENCE "F"

FADE IN:

F-1 FOUR HORSES - AT THE GATE AT AN EASTERN TRACK

They break and we hear the distant roar: "They're off!"

F-2 FULL SHOT - A GRANDSTAND

The crowd gets more and more excited.

F-3 THE HORSE RUNNING

F-4 JEAN, COLONEL HARRINGTON AND GERALD

Jean is lackadaisical. Her father twists his program nervously.

GERALD
(Excitedly)
Come on baby!...Oh, you sweet pappy!...Roll dem hoofs.

JEAN
He took it too wide.

GERALD
He'll be all right. He only faltered for a second there.

JEAN
In a pig's nose he'll be all right.

GERALD
Come on baby!...Papa needs dem pennies!

COL. HARRINGTON
Keep it down to a riot, will you?

Colonel Harrington and Jean exchange glances.

GERALD
(Suddenly)
Oh, baby, don't do that!

F-5 THE FOUR HORSES - POUNDING DOWN THE STRETCH

One of them is losing ground. Now the racing and the yelling gets very intense. There's a roar from the crowd and the race is over.

F-6 THE BOX CONTAINING OUR FRIENDS

Somewhat disheveled, Gerald gets down off his chair and starts tearing up his tickets. Colonel Harrington does likewise.

GERALD
What I don't understand is how he could have finished fourth.

JEAN
There were only four horses in the race...What do you expect when you bet on a goat called "After You?"

COL. HARRINGTON
Don't pick on him.

JEAN
I'm not picking on him; compared to you he's ahead.

Now a gay little man in a checked suit sticks his head INTO THE SHOT

SIR ALFRED McGLENNAN-KEITH
I beg your pardon, is this seat...
(Now he recognizes Colonel Harrington)
Why, Harry, bless my soul!

COL. HARRINGTON
(Quickly)
William, at the moment.

SIR ALFRED
(Instantly)
William, of course. I'm enchanted to see you, my dear William, and you, Gerald, and the little lady still as pretty as a pack of aces.

JEAN
(Taking his hand)
Hello, Pearlie.

ALFRED
(Clearing his throat)
Sir Alfred, at the moment, my pretty child...Sir Alfred McGlennan-Keith at your service. Well, you're certainly a sight for lame peepers. I've seen no one, positively not anybody, I mean of our set, of

F-6 (Cont'd)

SIR ALFRED (Cont'd)
course, since the boats stopped running...but, tell me about yourself...How is the...market?

COL. HARRINGTON
We went south and back a few times... but there're so few boats.

SIR ALFRED
Ah, yes, and one so quickly wears out one's welcome, doesn't one?
(He chuckles)

Now he puts a confidential hand on Colonel Harrington.

SIR ALFRED
Ah, but my dear boy, there's nothing like the land...had I known how thick they come and how voluptuously they play, believe me, I would have given up the sea long ago.

GERALD
Where's your pitch, Pearlie?

SIR ALFRED
Sir Alfred. I have a little nest on the edge of a town called Bridgefield, Connecticut...a town that's full of mugs --
(He corrects himself quickly)
-- millionaires.

Jean pricks up her ears.

SIR ALFRED
(Continuing)
In the heart of the contract bridge belt, a wonderful game. I have my horses, I have my dogs, I have my little house, I have my antiques. We play a little game here and a little game there, and then we play somewhere else. Sometimes my luck is good and sometimes my luck is better, and what with one thing and another, my dear boy...What a dream.

COL. HARRINGTON
How did you meet them?

F-6 (Cont'd)

SIR ALFRED
The chumps? My dear boy, when your name is Sir Alfred McGlennan-Keith, R.F.D., you don't have to meet them; you fight them off with sticks...and just think...there's no hurry...you have them by the year...like a lease.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Laughing)
Ah, Pearlie.

JEAN
Do you know the Pikes?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Gently).
What do you care if he does?

SIR ALFRED
Do I know them? I practically swill in their ale...good old Horace. What a card player!

JEAN
Do you know...Charles?

Colonel Harrington tries to stop her.

SIR ALFRED
Is that the backward boy who's always toying with toads and things? I think I've seen him slinking about.

JEAN
He isn't backward; he's a scientist.

SIR ALFRED
Oh, is that what it is. I knew he was peculiar. Ah, well, it's delightful to see you again. Now, what have we in the fifth?

Jean leans close to him and speaks in a low voice.

JEAN
Pearlie.

SIR ALFRED
(Also in a whisper)
Yes?

F-6 (Cont'd)

JEAN
Could I visit you sometime?

SIR ALFRED
Could you visit me sometime?

JEAN
As your niece.

SIR ALFRED
As my niece?

COL. HARRINGTON
Why don't you stop talking nonsense?

JEAN
(Coldly)
Because I want to see that guy.
(Now she grits her teeth)
I've got some unfinished business with him...I need him like Dempsey needed Firpo.

SIR ALFRED
The only thing, darling...you'd have to be English, you see.

JEAN
I've been English before, dear. I shall be as English as necessary.

A bell rings.

JEAN
Go make your bets.

The men look at her peculiarly and depart.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "F"

SEQUENCE "G"

FADE IN:

G-1 THE MAIN HALL OF THE PIKE RESIDENCE SHOWING THE STAIRS

We hear a bass voice singing: "Roll Out the Barrel" and Mr. Pike trots down the stairs and INTO VIEW. He pauses at a console for his mail, starts for the terrace, then is stopped by the ringing of one of the telephones on the console.

MR. PIKE
(After picking up the wrong phone)
Yes... yes... that's right... black tie or white tie?... You can wear a green tie for all I care... What party is that? Who's giving it?... Oh, we are... You'd think they'd tell me something about it...
(He chuckles)
This is Mr. Pike, speaking...Mr. who?... I don't get it...I'll probably meet you at the party tonight. By the way what time is it... thanks.
(He hangs up)
Nuthouse!

He picks up his mail and starts for the terrace. His good humor returning, he reprises: "Roll Out The Barrel."

G-2 THE BREAKFAST TABLE - ON THE TERRACE

It is beautifully laid and well covered with silver covers and a silver coffee set. We hear the singing of "Roll Out the Barrel." A second later Mr. Pike appears, sits down at the table, takes a sip of water, tucks a napkin under his chin, licks his lips and peeks under a cover. His face falls as he lifts the cover higher and discovers positively that there is nothing there. With less hope he tries the second cover. With no hope at all he tries the third. He looks around the table indignantly, then tries unsuccessfully to pour himself a cup of coffee. He bangs the empty pot down on the table.

MR. PIKE
Hey! Where is everybody? Where's my breakfast?

G-3 FULL SHOT - THE KITCHEN

In the FOREGROUND an elaborate cake, next to it the Chef and Mr. Burrows. Mr. Burrows is a large English butler, the Chef a small Latin. Great activity is going on behind them. Chefs, maids, kitchen boys are slamming pots and pans around, boning chickens, peeling potatoes and performing the general mess necessary for a big dinner. Squirt gun in hand, the Chef is trying to put on the cake the design read aloud by Mr. Burrows.

MR. BURROWS
(Reading from Burke's Peerage)
Arms: Quarterly: First and fourth argent three fusils, conjoined in fesse, gules, within a border sable for Mordant.

THE CHEFF
Hunh?

G-4 INSERT - A PAGE IN BURKE'S PEERAGE

We see the coat-of-arms and above it the word "Sidwich".

MR. BURROWS' VOICE
Second and third, or, a fesse, dancettee, between three crosses crosslet, fitchee, azure, for Sidwich. Supporters: two wyverns, argent, beaked and membered, vert.

G-5 BURROWS AND THE CHEF

MR. BURROWS
Crest: A lion couchant gardant, or, holding between the paws an escocheon sable, charged with a cock proper. Motto: Hyphen "sic erat in fatis."

THE CHEF
(Offering him the squirt gun)
Here, you do it.

MR. BURROWS
Nonsense, Emile, it's very simple: Second and third, a fesse dancettee, between three crosses crosslet...

G-5 (Cont'd)

THE CHEF
Crosses crosslet!

MR. BURROWS
That's right.

THE CHEF
(Insultingly)
Horses horselet!

MR. BURROWS
(Sternly)
Emile!

THE CHEF
Nutzes nutslet!

MR. BURROWS
Remember who you are.

THE CHEF
(Shaking the squirt gun at him)
Wit gules!

He slams it down and as it arcs it squirts some cream into Mr. Burrows' face.

G-6 MR. PIKE - AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

He is ringing a bell violently. A pretty Maid rushes out from the house.

THE MAID
Yes, sir?

MR. PIKE
(Crossly)
When do I eat?

THE MAID
They must have overlooked you in the rush for the party, Mr. Pike. I'll get you something right away.

MR. PIKE
'Sabout time. Who's the party for, anyway?

THE MAID
Sir Alfred McGlennan-Keith's niece, the Lady Eve Sidwich.

MR. PIKE
I didn't know he had a niece.

G-7 MR. BURROWS AND THE CHEF - IN THE KITCHEN

MR. BURROWS
(Wiping his face)
You'll regret this day, my lad.

THE CHEF
Fusils!

MR. BURROWS
That's all very well...

THE CHEF
Fitchee!

MUGGSY
(Coming in with a tail coat over his arm)
Where's the snake food?

MR. BURROWS
(Furiously)
Get it yourself, Ambrose.

MUGGSY
(Looking at him)
Lay off the Ambrose, willya?
(Now he watches him continuing to wipe the cream off his face)
Why don't you shave in your room?

MR. BURROWS
I'll thank you to keep your remarks to yourself, Mr. Murgstroyd.

He walks toward a sink.

MUGGSY
(To the Chef)
What's the matter with him?

THE CHEF
(Tapping his forehead)
Fitchee!

MUGGSY
Oh...Where's the snake food?

THE CHEF
In the ice box...where do you think it is, in the gules?

MUGGSY
(Walking toward the ice box)
'Smatter with everybody?

G-7 (Cont'd)

The pretty Maid runs in.

THE MAID
The master's breakfast, please, Mr. Burrows.

MR. BURROWS
Yes, well you can take it up with somebody else.

THE MAID
(To the Chef)
Give me some breakfast for the boss, will you Chef?

THE CHEF
All my time is taken up wit crosses crosslet.

MUGGSY
(Coming from the ice box with a plate)
Here, take him this.

THE MAID
Oh, you.

A VOICE
The madam wants you, Martha.

The Maid runs out of the kitchen and Muggsy follows her.

G-8 MR. PIKE - AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

He is drumming angrily on the surface of the table. Now a stupid looking gook walks INTO THE SHOT carrying a potted palm.

MR. PIKE
Hey, you, while you're inside there...

THE MAN WITH THE PALM
No speak.

He vanishes inside the house. Mr. Pike seizes the bell and rings it violently.

G-9 MRS. PIKE AND GERTRUDE, A MIDDLE-AGED MAID - AT THE FLOWER SINK UNDER THE STAIRS

We hear Mr. Pike's bell ringing.

G-9 (Cont'd)

MRS. PIKE
If that's the knife sharpener, take him around to the back.

GERTRUDE
Yes, madam.

She starts out. The phone rings.

MRS. PIKE
(Into the telephone)
Oh, hello, Janet... no, dear, it's for his niece... the Lady Eve.

The Man with the potted palm comes INTO THE SHOT.

MRS. PIKE
Take it upstairs to the solarium.

THE MAN WITH THE POTTED PALM
Hunh?

Martha enters.

MARTHA
You wanted me, madam?

MRS. PIKE
Take this man upstairs and show him where the solarium is.

MARTHA
I was going to get breakfast for...

MRS. PIKE
Do as you're told, dear.

MARTHA
Yes, m'am.

THE MAN WITH THE POTTED PALM
No speak.

MARTHA
Come on.

She draws him OUT OF THE SHOT.

MRS. PIKE
(Into the telephone)
I'm sorry I kept you waiting, dear... No, Sidwich... I think her mother

G-9 (Cont'd)

MRS. PIKE (Cont'd)
was a McGlennan-Keith...Although she may not have been...you know these English families.
(She chuckles)

A social secretary comes in with a table plan, a pile of cards, a pencil in her hand a fountain pen between her teeth.

G-10 MR. PIKE - AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

He is shaking the bell.

MR. PIKE
Hey, somebody!

GERTRUDE
(Hurrying INTO THE SHOT)
Why, Mr. Pike, you haven't had your breakfast yet, you poor dear. Why didn't you ask somebody? Now, you just sit there quietly and I'll be back before you can say...

A foreign looking man with a satchel comes INTO THE SHOT.

THE PIANO TUNER
Piano?

MR. PIKE
What do you want?

THE PIANO TUNER
I said, vere iss de piano, kindly?

MR. PIKE
(Irascibly)
Well, where do you think it is, out on the lawn?

GERTRUDE
(Quickly)
I'll show you.

She drags him away.

MR. PIKE
But don't forget to come back.

He drums on the table.

G-11 MRS. PIKE AND HER SECRETARY

MRS. PIKE
(To the passing Gertrude)
Oh, Gertrude!

GERTRUDE
(Stopping suddenly)
Yes, m'am.

The Piano Tuner almost bumps into her.

MRS. PIKE
Run upstairs to the string closet and get me some gold-edged place cards... they're in the third drawer on the left.

GERTRUDE
Yes, m'am.

She hurries away and the Piano Tuner trots after her. We hear a terrible clatter from outside.

MRS. PIKE
What is that dreadful noise?

G-12 MR. PIKE - AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

He is hitting the silver covers with the handle of a knife.

G-13 A STAIRCASE

Gertrude hurries up, followed dutifully by the Piano Tuner.

G-14 THE UPPER LANDING OF THE STAIRS

Gertrude hurries INTO THE SHOT, followed by the Piano Tuner. As they disappear down the hall, we find ourselves POINTING toward an open door. WE GO IN.

G-15 CHARLES' LABORATORY

A camera is set up for the purpose of photographing something on the workbench. Charles, wearing a laboratory coat, has his head under the focusing cloth. Muggsy is putting down the snake food and talking at the same time.

G-15 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Under the cloth)
What?

MUGGSY
Your old lady wants me to see if it fits.

CHARLES
(Under the cloth)
If what fits?

MUGGSY
Your tail coat.

CHARLES
(Coming out from under the cloth)
Who's going to wear a tail coat when?

MUGGSY
You are...tonight.

CHARLES
That's what you think. I'm going to a lecture at Yale...

He goes back under the focusing cloth.

MUGGSY
That's what you think.

THE PIANO TUNER
(Coming in)
Vere do I tune de piano?

MUGGSY
Get outta here, this is the snake house.

The Piano Tuner hurries out.

MUGGSY
Look, if your old lady wants you to show up at the party, the least you can do...

CHARLES
(Under the cloth)
I've got to go to a lecture.

MUGGSY
Look: Suppose when you die 'stead of hearing ten thousand lectures you only heard nine thousand, nine hundred

G-15 (Cont'd)

MUGGSY (Cont'd)
and ninety-nine...You gotta realize these things mean more to a dame than to guys like us...If it makes the old lady happy...

During this speech Charles has come out from under the cloth and is looking around the room. Now he interrupts.

CHARLES
Where did she go? I was photographing a little black crotalis colobrinus with pink spots and...

THE PIANO TUNER'S VOICE
Help!

CHARLES
There she is.

He starts out of the room, followed by Muggsy.

G-16 THE MAIN STAIRS

The Piano Tuner comes tearing down PAST US.

G-17 A LITTLE SNAKE -

slithering down the side of the stairs.

G-18 CHARLES AND MUGGSY - IN THE UPPER HALL

CHARLES
She's around here someplace. Somebody hollered.

G-19 MR. BURROWS - ENTERING THE MAIN HALL

The CAMERA PANS with him to the middle of the hall. He stops at Charles' voice.

CHARLES' VOICE
Say, Burrows...

G-20 BURROWS - CUT OFF AT THE KNEES

MR. BURROWS
(Coming to a stop and looking up)
Yes, sir. Good morning, sir.

G-21 LOW CAMERA SHOT - UP AT CHARLES AND MUGGSY - ON THE STAIRS

CHARLES
You haven't seen a little black crotalis colobrinus, have you?

MUGGSY
With pink spots.

G-22 BURROWS - CUT OFF AT THE KNEES

MR. BURROWS
I rejoice to say that I have not, sir...that's all I'd be needing this morning.

G-23 LOW CAMERA SHOT - UP AT CHARLES AND MUGGSY

CHARLES
She slipped out on us.

G-24 BURROWS - CUT OFF AT THE KNEES

MR. BURROWS
Yes, sir...Thank you, sir.

He starts away. The CAMERA TRUCKS with him and ANGLES DOWN to his feet. We see the little snake securely wrapped around his right ankle.

G-25 MR. PIKE - AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

He is banging two covers together like cymbals. He pauses momentarily to watch the Piano Tuner rush past him and across the lawn, mutters: "Nuthouse," and resumes the banging of his covers.

FADE OUT

END OF SEQUENCE "G"

SEQUENCE "H"

FADE IN:

H-1 CLOSE SHOT - THE CAKE

The Sidwich emblem has been beautifully worked upon it. A fine-pointed pastry gun puts one last blob on it for the eye of the lion.

H-2 THE CHEF - SURROUNDED BY HIS KITCHEN STAFF - IN THE PIKE KITCHEN

THE STAFF
(Variously)
Ah!...
Superbe!...
Wunderbar!...
Magnifico!...
Unmoeglich!...
A work of art!...

The Chef chucks his pastry gun onto Burke's Peerage, shakes his head and says:

THE CHEF
(Sadly)
Yes...but where is it tomorrow?

As he turns away --

H-3 EXT. THE PIKE MANSION - (NIGHT)

A line of cars is discharging its fashionable occupants. Muggsy is acting as doorman. Muggsy closes the door of a car, then speaks to the chauffeur.

MUGGSY
Okay, and try to keep off the grass.
(He hollers to the next car)
Next!

A very elegant but slightly old-fashioned Rolls-Royce with righthand drive pulls up.

MUGGSY
(To the chauffeur)
Where'd you get that thing?

H-3 (Cont'd)

He opens the door and Sir Alfred McGlennan-Keith steps out in full regalia.

SIR ALFRED
Good evening, my man.

MUGGSY
(Instantly)
How are you?
(He looks inside the car)
Come on, lady, we're holding up the traffic.

Sir Alfred has a slight take-it at this, then stretches a hand inside the car.

SIR ALFRED
Come, my dear.

H-4 THE LADY EVE - INSIDE OF THE CAR - (DARK)

Sir Alfred's hand is in the foreground. She wears a veil over her head through which we see the glittering of a small tiara. The collar of a great fur coat comes up to her ears. She looks slightly scared. She closes her eyes, takes a long breath, then --

THE LADY EVE
Right you are, Glenny. Coming...

She seizes the hand.

H-5 SHOT ALONGSIDE THE CAR - FROM THE REAR

Sir Alfred stands three-quarters back to us, Muggsy full face looking into the car. As the Lady Eve steps out --

MUGGSY
Evening.

He slams the car door and it pulls away. Now he calls:

MUGGSY
Next!

H-5 (Cont'd)

Suddenly he turns and looks after Sir Alfred and the Lady Eve. As he stands rooted to the ground, another car pulls up and the door opens, catching Muggsy in the rear with the handle. He arcs forward violently, looks resentfully over his shoulder, then starts slowly toward the door of the house. The CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

H-6 INT. OF THE GREAT HALL - SHOOTING FROM THE DOORWAY

Sir Alfred and the Lady Eve stand with their backs to us. Gertrude and Martha are receiving the ladies' coats and a man servant, the men's coats.

H-7 MUGGSY - PEERING IN AT THE DOOR

He moves to one side as some guests approach. Now the CAMERA STARTS FORWARD as if it were the Lady Eve. We discover Burrows standing in the doorway at the edge of the step down into the living room. He bows.

MR. BURROWS
Your Ladyship...Sir Alfred.
(He steps forward
and announces)
The Right Honorable the Lady
Eve, Countess of Sidwich...
Sir Alfred McGlennan-Keith.

The CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE, then STOPS in the doorway. We see the FULL SHOT of the living room with the alcove bar in the corner. Near us stand Mr. and Mrs. Pike. For the rest there are twenty-seven people in the room, not including the servants. All heads turn and stare.

H-8 REVERSE SHOT - THE LADY EVE AND SIR ALFRED - IN THE DOORWAY

Behind them stands Burrows. Sir Alfred wears a tail coat with decorations, the Lady Eve a silver lamé dress which I am baffled to describe. Around her throat she wears a pearl dog collar, below this two pearl necklaces. The little tiara gleams

H-8 (Cont'd)

in her hair. On her right wrist she wears some bracelets, in her left hand she carries a scintillating vanity-cigarette case. She looks gorgeous and she knows it. The conversation dribbles into silence.

THE LADY EVE
(With a faint smile)
Good evening.

SIR ALFRED
(Galvanized)
Hello, hello, hello.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as Mr. and Mrs. Pike move forward.

MRS. PIKE
(Taking Eve's hand)
Welcome, my dear.

MR. PIKE
(Pumping Sir Alfred's hand)
How are you, Glenny; glad to see you, you old rascal.

SIR ALFRED
Horace, my lad! My niece, Lady Sidwich.

MR. PIKE
(Somewhat at a loss)
Well, for heaven's sake... What a surprise...How do you do...How do I...I mean, what do I...call you?

MRS. PIKE
(Faintly embarrassed)
Well, Horace, I should think that you'd...

THE LADY EVE
(Quickly)
Please just call me Eve.

H-8 (Cont'd)

MR. PIKE
(Enthusiastically)
Well, for heaven's sake... You're just the kind of a girl I've been looking for...the name is Horace.

H-9 CLOSE SHOT - MR. PIKE AND THE LADY EVE

Mr. Pike leans close.

MR. PIKE
(Confidentially)
We'll get this over quick! Then you and I will have a drink.

THE LADY EVE
Ripping.

MR. PIKE
(Hardly taken aback at all)
Uh...the very word for it. Come on.

As they move forward --

H-10 MRS. PIKE AND SIR ALFRED

MRS. PIKE
(Faintly worried)
I hope Horace doesn't frighten her to death. How long has she been in America?

SIR ALFRED
Three days.

MRS. PIKE
And to meet Horace right away...
(Now she gets a thought)
How did she come over... I didn't know the boats were running.

H-10 (Cont'd)

Sir Alfred clears his throat twice, looks all around, then very confidentially says:

SIR ALFRED
Battleship.

MRS. PIKE
(Round-eyed)
They sent a...
(She mouths the word "battleship")

SIR ALFRED
Oh, yes...Actually a...cruiser.

MRS. PIKE
(Raising her hand by stages)
But then she must be...very... very...

SIR ALFRED
Very.

Mrs. Pike smiles pleasantly.

H-11 MUGGSY - PEERING IN THE DOORWAY

Now he walks to the first big window of the living room and the CAMERA PANS WITH HIM. As he looks in the window --

H-12 SHOT - PAST MUGGSY

Through the window we see Mr. Pike, the Lady Eve, Sir Alfred and Mrs. Pike coming slowly forward, meeting the guests. Some of the ladies try curtsies, but most of them do not. Some of the gentlemen indulge in jack-knife bows. One or two try the hand kiss. As the Lady Eve passes the window --

H-13 CLOSE SHOT - MUGGSY

His face is a poem of perplexity. Now he moves along the house, off the terrace and tries to get into a flower bed. The little wire hoops around it trip him and he takes a nice fall.

H-14 THE BIG LIVING ROOM WINDOW - FROM THE INTERIOR

We hear the buzz of conversation, the shaking of drinks, and some introductions of the Lady Eve. Muggsy raises up from the bottom of the window and looks into the room. He brushes himself off.

H-15 WHAT MUGGSY SEES FROM THE OUTSIDE

The introductions are almost complete now. The CAMERA DRAWS BACK, revealing Muggsy looking in. After a moment he turns and scratches his head. Now he starts out of the flower bed. We hear a grunt as he disappears PAST THE CAMERA.

H-16 LONGER SHOT OF MUGGSY - STRETCHED FLAT ON THE GROUND

He picks himself up, looks up toward the second floor and yells:

MUGGSY

Hey!

The CAMERA PANS UP and we see a window with a light in it.

MUGGSY'S VOICE

Hey, boss!

A stone bangs on the window.

H-17 CHARLES -IN HIS ROOM

He wears evening dress, minus the coat. He is looking into a microscope. A handful of pebbles rattles against the window. He looks toward the window, then gets up and crosses to it.

H-18 EXT. OF THE SECOND FLOOR

Charles appears and opens the window.

CHARLES
(Sticking his head out)
Has it started yet?

H-19 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - DOWN ON MUGGSY

MUGGSY
You said it.

H-20 CHARLES - IN HIS ROOM

He leans out the window in the matching position.

CHARLES
I'll be right down.

He pulls his head in, closes the window and crosses to put on his coat. The CAMERA PANS WITH HIM. He checks his tie in front of a mirror, brushes his hair a little, starts out, remembers a handkerchief, goes back and gets one, then hurries out.

H-21 THE LADY EVE, MR. PIKE AND FOUR ADMIRING GENTLEMEN - AT THE BAR

In the background we see the living room and the door from the hall. Sir Alfred is holding forth to some ladies in the middle distance. The bartender is finishing six champagne cocktails.

THE LADY EVE
(In the middle of a story)
Naturally, I was frightfully anxious to see Uncle Alfred and I didn't know just where Connect-i-cut was, so I took the tube...

MR. PIKE
(To the others)
The subway.

THE LADY EVE
...and to the official I said: "Be so good as to let me off at Connect-i-cut."

The gentlemen laugh happily.

H -21 (Cont'd)

THE LADY EVE
You see, I thought we'd have the boxes sent up on a dray later that afternoon.

MR. PIKE
(After an instant's hesitation)
Trunks... on a truck.

Charles enters the room and starts wending his way toward us, shaking hands as he goes.

THE LADY EVE
So the official said: "Where did you want to get off?" and I said: "Just anywhere in Connect-i-cut."

There is laughter from the gentlemen.

THE LADY EVE
So he said: "Lady, I don't know where Connecti-i-cut is but this train goes to Harlem."

There is a wild guffaw from the gentlemen.

THE LADY EVE
I don't know how he knew I was a lady.

The gentlemen slap each other on the back.

THE LADY EVE
So I said: "Isn't Connect-i-cut on your shed-ule?" And he said: "No, m'am, not if that means what I think it means."

The gentlemen holler.

THE LADY EVE
So I said: "Do you think I could do better with a tram?" and he said: "Well, you couldn't do worse," so I thanked him and returned to the street...I must say, I felt an awful fool.

H-21 (Cont'd)

A GENTLEMAN
Then, how did you get here?

THE LADY EVE
I took a taxi.

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN
From New York?

THE LADY EVE
Oh, yes.

There is a roar of laughter and Charles joins the group.

MR. PIKE
(Seeing his son)
Charlie, I want you to meet the Lady Eve Sidwich.

THE LADY EVE
(Very pleasantly)
How do you do.

MR. PIKE
(To Eve)
Go on.

THE LADY EVE
The chauffeur said it wasn't far and I said: "Veddy well..."

H-22 CLOSE SHOT - CHARLES' FACE

His jaw hangs open.

THE LADY EVE'S VOICE
"...but don't you try any hanky-panky such as going in a round-about way because I've been there many times before," and he said: "I can see that."

There is a holler from the gentlemen.

H-23 THE GROUP - INCLUDING CHARLES

THE LADY EVE
...so here I am... but I must say the city seemed enormous.

H-23 (Cont'd)

GENTLEMAN
(Pounding the bar)
At twenty cents a mile!

THE LADY EVE
(Laughing)
I must say it was an awfully good joke on Uncle Alfred...he had to be given smelling salts when he saw the meter.

She roars with laughter, and looks from one to another for approval. As her eyes come to rest on Charles, her expression changes to slight puzzlement. Now she turns to Mr. Pike.

THE LADY EVE
Isn't your son feeling well?

MR. PIKE
(Turning to Charles)
What's the matter with you?

CHARLES
(Idiotically)
Well, I uh... I mean uh.. uh...
(He stops and swallows and points vaguely toward Eve)
Did you uh... uh...

THE LADY EVE
(Courteously)
I beg your pardon?

CHARLES
What I mean to say is uh.. uh... haven't we met?

THE LADY EVE
(Charmingly as to a child)
Of course we have... your father just introduced us.

MR. PIKE
(To his son)
Don't you feel well?

H-23 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Trying to laugh it off)
Why, uh...heh-heh-heh... sure.

He looks, however, far from well.

THE LADY EVE
(Charmingly, to cover his embarrassment)
Oh, you meant had you met me before someplace?

CHARLES
Yes.

THE LADY EVE
Very probably... Now, where could it have been? Deauville?

CHARLES
No.

THE LADY EVE
Biarritz?

CHARLES
No.

THE LADY EVEN
I know: Le Touquet! ... You had a mustache at the time... you tried to meet me at a dance in the casino.

CHARLES
No.

THE LADY EVE
Then, I give up.

MR. PIKE
Well, let's have a drink.

CHARLES
It couldn't have been on the S.S. "Southern Queen" between here and South America, could it?

H-23 (Cont'd)

THE LADY EVE
(Almost regretfully)
I'm afraid it wasn't... I've never been in South America.

CHARLES
(Dumbly)
You've never been in South America?

MR. PIKE
She's never been in South America.

THE LADY EVE
As a matter of fact, I've never been in North America until three days ago.

CHARLES
Oh, you haven't... then you weren't on the S.S. "Southern Queen".

MR. PIKE
What's the matter with you?

CHARLES
I, uh...
(He makes a helpless gesture)
I'm sorry.

THE LADY EVE
Were you in love with her?

This is regarded as hilariously funny by the gentlemen at the bar. They slap each other on the back.

MR. PIKE
He was in love with her but he don't remember what she looks like.

More hilarity.

THE LADY EVE
(To Charles)
Don't let them tease you... You can tell me all about her.

CHARLES
Ha.

H-23 (Cont'd)

Unfortunately, as he says this he looks like an idiot.

MR. PIKE
My son is brighter on some days than he is on others.

Charles laughs sheepishly.

MR. PIKE
(Raising his glass)
Well...I don't know what the other girl looked like, but if she was anything like you, here's to her.

H-24 THE DOORWAY - FROM THE HALL

Mr. Burrows enters.

MR. BURROWS
Dinner is served, madam.

H-25 MRS. PIKE AND SIR ALFRED IN THE MIDST OF SOME GUESTS

MRS. PIKE
(Pitching her voice over some people's heads)
Dinner, Horace.

H-26 THE GROUP - AT THE BAR

MR. PIKE
(Finishing his drink)
Come on, let's put on the feed bag.
(He extends his arm to Eve)
You take my arm and we'll fight our way through.

Eve laughs and they all start for the dining room. The CAMERA STAYS ON Charles as he slowly follows the others. In a moment we see the window through

H-26 (Cont'd)

which Muggsy is peering. Charles sees him and makes a helpless gesture. Muggsy points toward the Lady Eve. Charles replies with another helpless gesture and as he isn't watching where he's going he dives right over the end of a low sofa and with his extended hands upsets a coffee table heavily laden with cocktail glasses, appetizers, cigarette boxes and a crystal bowl of flowers. The CAMERA PANS ONTO the exiting guests as they turn in astonishment. The Lady Eve, Mr. Pike and the others hurry back and the CAMERA PANS them back to Charles.

THE LADY EVE
(Helping him to his feet)
Did you hurt yourself?

CHARLES
No, I'm fine; I uh...

MR. PIKE
(Suspiciously)
You haven't been hitting the bottle lately, have you?

THE LADY EVE
(Protectingly)
Of course he hasn't...

She peels a caviar sandwich off his shirt front.

THE LADY EVE
Anybody's apt to trip.

MR. PIKE
Not over a sofa... that sofa's been there fifteen years and nobody ever fell over it before.

THE LADY EVE
(Cheerfully)
Well, now the ice is broken... You just go upstairs and take a bath... and I'll like you just as much as ever... au revoir.

She and the men start for the dining room and Charles starts for the door to the hall. The CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD of him and just before he leaves the room we see them both in line. She turns and waves and enters the dining room. Charles waves, stands a moment.

H-27 MUGGSY - COMING INTO THE DOORWAY OF THE LIVING ROOM

MUGGSY
Why don't you watch where you're...

H-28 CHARLES - PAST MUGGSY

CHARLES
I'm wa...

He steps forward, forgetting the step, and gets a death hold on the portieres. There is a cracking sound and, accompanied by dust and falling plaster, the whole structure comes down.

H-29 THE LADY EVE, MR. PIKE AND THE OTHERS

They turn in astonishment.

H-30 AN ANIMATED PORTIERE - ON THE FLOOR

A wild struggle is going on under it. Now an opening is found and the heads of Charles and Muggsy appear, their hair on end.

H-31 CLOSE SHOT - THE LADY EVE

She claps a handkerchief to her mouth and laughs very hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

H-32 CHARLES AND MUGGSY - IN CHARLES' ROOM

Charles has put on a clean shirt which still hangs outside his trousers. He is trying to tie a black tie and at the same time look at the police photograph Muggsy is holding.

MUGGSY
That's the same dame...she looks the same, she walks the same and she's tossing you just like she did the last time.

H-32 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
She doesn't talk the same.

MUGGSY
Anybody can put on an act.
(He says a sentence in low comedy Swedish and finishes with:)
Guess who I am?

CHARLES
Weren't her eyes a little closer together?

MUGGSY
They were not... they were right where they are... on each side of her nose.

Charles takes the picture, looks at it, then hands it back silently. He puts one tail of his shirt in.

CHARLES
Why should she do it?

MUGGSY
I don't know... Maybe she wants you to fall for her again.

CHARLES
Do I look that dumb?

He sticks the other tail of his shirt in.

MUGGSY
You wouldn't be the first one. I knew a guy married the same dame three times, then turned around and married her aunt.

CHARLES
(After a pause)
No.

MUGGSY
Hunh?

CHARLES
They look too much alike...

H-32 (Cont'd)

MUGGSY
You said it. They couldn't be two Janes as...

CHARLES
You don't understand me: they look too much alike to be the same.

MUGGSY
That's what I been telling you, they...hunh?

CHARLES
You see, if she came here with her hair dyed yellow and her eyebrows different and...

MUGGSY
(Interrupting)
What's hair to a skirt? I used to go with a little Eskimo dame and one night...

CHARLES
Yes, but she didn't dye her hair and she didn't pretend she'd never seen me before which is the first thing anybody would do. She says I look familiar.

MUGGSY
Why shouldn't you?

CHARLES
Because if I did she wouldn't admit it... If she didn't look so exactly like the other girl I might be suspicious, but... you see you don't understand psychology. If you wanted to pretend you were somebody else you'd glue a muff on your chin and the dog wouldn't even bark at you.

MUGGSY
(Indignantly)
You tryin' to tell me this ain't

H-32 (Cont'd)

MUGGSY (Cont'd)
the same rib was on the boat? She even wears the same perfume.

CHARLES
(Vacillating)
I don't know.

He picks up a dinner jacket and Muggsy helps him on with it. Charles walks out.

H-33 CHARLES - COMING DOWN THE STAIRS

A few steps behind, comes Muggsy. As they reach the ground floor --

MUGGSY
The same.

Charles walks away and the CAMERA PANS him to the dining room entrance.

H-34 THE DINING ROOM - PAST CHARLES

We see the sumptuously set table lit by candles. With his back to us sits Mr. Pike. The Lady Eve is on his right. At the far end of the table Mrs. Pike has Sir Alfred on her right. Mr. Burrows stands behind Mrs. Pike. Two maids and a footman are passing dishes.

THE LADY EVE
(Seeing Charles)
There he is.

Everybody turns and stares.

H-35 CHARLES - PAST THE LADY EVE AND MR. PIKE

CHARLES
(Feeling where his coat tails were before)
Had to change my coat.
(He grins and starts down the table looking for his place)

H-35 (Cont'd)

MR. PIKE
Don't knock the table over.

Charles laughs faintly and the CAMERA MOVES WITH him as he looks for his place. As he reaches the end of the table --

SIR ALFRED
(Twisting his neck around)
All right now?

CHARLES
Fine, thanks.

SIR ALFRED
It happens to the best of us, you know.
(He turns to Mrs. Pike)
I remember a night in Bombay... Have you ever been in Bombay?
(To the lady on his right)
Have you ever been in Bombay, madam?

MRS. PIKE
(Pointing but trying not to point...to her son)
You're just there, dear.

She points four seats up on the CAMERA SIDE of the table.

THE LADY ON SIR ALFRED'S RIGHT
No, but I've been to Egypt.

CHARLES
(To his mother)
Thanks.

SIR ALFRED
Well, for that matter, I can remember a night in Egypt...I was on a Dahabia with a small party of friends...

The CAMERA MOVES WITH Charles to his place. As he sits --

H-36 REVERSE SHOT - CLOSE - CHARLES SITTING

He nods to the ladies on either side of him, then unfolds his napkin.

THE LADY ON HIS RIGHT
(Leaning INTO THE SHOT)
You missed some very nice soup.

CHARLES
That's too bad.

THE LADY ON HIS LEFT
(Leaning INTO THE SHOT)
The fish was a poem.

CHARLES
That's fine.

THE LADY ON HIS RIGHT
Did you hear how the Lady Eve got to this country?

CHARLES
(With vague interest)
How?

THE LADY ON HIS RIGHT
You promise not to tell a soul?

CHARLES
I won't.

THE LADY ON HIS LEFT
On a battleship!

CHARLES
Is that so?
(He leans way forward and looks down toward Eve)

The CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN the guests and comes to rest on Eve. As we reach her she leans forward, looks toward Charles, then turns to Mr. Pike.

H-36 (Cont'd)

THE LADY EVE
Do you know that I find your son very handsome?

MR. PIKE
(Astonished)
No.

THE LADY EVE
Quite.

She looks back toward Charles, smiles and waves.

H-37 CHARLES

Charles smiles, waves vaguely, then pulls his neck back. The ladies on each side of him exchange a glance.

H-38 CLOSE SHOT - A PANTRY DOOR

It opens an inch and we see an eye. It opens a little more and we see half of Muggsy's face.

H-39 MUGGSY - IN THE PANTRY - PEEKING INTO THE DINING ROOM

Suddenly he grunts and grabs his nose, then is thrown backwards as a footman comes through from the dining room with a plate.

MUGGSY
(Rubbing his nose)
Why don't you look where you're goin'?

THE FOOTMAN
Why don't you keep your nose out of other people's business?

MUGGSY
Listen, Fish-eye, for two cents...

THE FOOTMAN
Oh, pish!

He hurries OUT OF THE SHOT. Muggsy opens the door and peeks out.

H-40 LONG SHOT - THE DINING ROOM - CENTERING ON EVE

H-41 THE PANTRY DOOR - FROM THE DINING ROOM SIDE

We see Muggsy's eye in the crack. Suddenly the door flies open and Muggsy is reluctantly propelled into the room by the Footman bearing a platter of roast beef with gravy. Under the platter there is a cloth to prevent the man from burning his hand.

MUGGSY
Here!.... gimme that.

He snatches the cloth from under the platter, whips it over his forearm in good restaurant style and grabs the platter with both hands.

THE FOOTMAN
(Indignantly)
What are you....

MUGGSY
Come on.

He wrenches it away from him and starts for Eve's end of the table. The CAMERA PANS WITH him until it comes to rest on Mr. Burrows who sees with horror what is going on. Muggsy goes PAST THE CAMERA. Mr. Burrows looks about, then starts after Muggsy.

H-42 MR. PIKE'S END OF THE TABLE

THE LADY EVE
(Telling an anecdote)
... so the deaf man said: "What did you say?" and the other passenger said: "I hear you buried your wife."

MUGGSY
(Coming INTO THE SHOT...
To Mr. Pike)
Roast beef?

He stares intently at the Lady Eve.

THE LADY EVE
(After returning his glance)
So the deaf gentleman said: "I didn't quite hear you."

H-42 (Cont'd)

MUGGSY
Roast beef?

MR. PIKE
Hunh?
(Then to Eve)
Go on.

He takes a large slice of roast beef and holds it about six inches above where his plate ought to be.

THE LADY EVE
So the other passenger said:
"I hear you buried your wife."

Having abandoned Mr. Pike, Muggsy appears on Eve's left. By now Mr. Pike has noticed the lack of the plate and is looking around to his left for Muggsy. Eve reaches for the serving knife and fork but there is none.

MUGGSY
Oh.

He gives her another look, then goes back to Mr. Pike's left, the latter, in the meanwhile, having turned to the right.

MUGGSY
Over here.

MR. PIKE
(Furiously)
What the...What do you think you're doing in the dining room?

MUGGSY
What does it look like I'm doing?

Mr. Pike puts the meat and the serving implements back on the platter.

MR. BURROWS
(Hurrying INTO THE SHOT)
There you are, sir.

H-42 (Cont'd)

He slips a plate in front of Mr. Pike

MR. PIKE
All right.

He turns to take the meat but Muggsy has gone.

H-43 CLOSE SHOT - THE LADY EVE

THE LADY EVE
So the deaf gentleman said: "What did you say..."

She yields slightly as Muggsy forces his platter down on her right.

MUGGSY
I said, do you want some roast beef.

She turns in surprise to her right and almost rubs noses with Muggsy who gets a good look at her.

H-44 EVE, MUGGSY AND THE GENTLEMAN NEXT TO HER

THE LADY EVE
Thank you.

She reaches for the fork and spoon at the same time as the gentleman on her right who has just discovered the platter to his left. The gentleman reaches the implements first.

MUGGSY
Ladies first.

THE GENTLEMAN
(Astonished)
I'm so sorry, I thought he was passing it to me.

MUGGSY
(To Eve)
Go ahead.

With some difficulty, she helps herself. As she finishes, the gentleman reaches for the implements but does not succeed because Muggsy steps back with the platter. As the gentleman looks around helplessly --

H-45 MR. PIKE - TALKING IN BURROWS' EAR

MR. PIKE
Will you get that roughneck out of here... or do I have to?

MR. BURROWS
With enthusiasm, sir.

H-46 CHARLES - BETWEEN THE TWO LADIES

They are looking toward Eve's end of the table. Muggsy comes INTO THE SHOT and passes Charles the roast beef.

MUGGSY
(In a stage whisper)
It's the same dame. I can tell by the way...

MR. BURROWS
(Hurrying INTO THE SHOT)
I'll take over from here, Mr. Murgatroyd.

MUGGSY
You and who else?

CHARLES
(Warningly)
Cut it out, Muggsy.

MR. BURROWS
(Seizing the salver)
I said, I'll take over from here, Ambrose.

MUGGSY
Ambrose!

CHARLES
(Turning to stop this)
Cut it out, will you?

MR. BURROWS
(Threateningly)
I said...

Muggsy starts to twist the salver away from Burrows. All the gravy on it rolls slowly onto Charles' shirt front and down his sleeves. As he rises, dripping --

H-47 EVE AND MR. PIKE - AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE

MR. PIKE
(Seeing Charles)
Well, I'll be.

Eve turns and they twist their heads as the unhappy Charles goes by.

THE LADY EVE
Oh, deah, again?

MR. PIKE
Put on a bathing suit.

THE LADY EVE
(Laying a restraining hand on Mr. Pike's arm)
The poor lamb.

DISSOLVE TO:

H-48 THE GUESTS - COMING INTO THE LIVING ROOM FROM THE DINING ROOM

Eve and Mr. Pike lead the way, surrounded by gentlemen of the party.

THE LADY EVE
(Concluding a story)
And then the countryman said: "But dash it all, mester, if I muss the moss I'll miss the mass ... and I've never been behind before besides."

She hollers with laughter.

THE LADY EVE
(Continuing)
It was absolutely priceless!

MR. PIKE
(Happily)
Ripping.

A GENTLEMAN
You mean, top hole.

They go PAST THE CAMERA which PANS ONTO Charles looking in from the hallway. He now wears a white dinner jacket. As he comes forward sheepishly, the CAMERA PANS IN WITH him. We see Sir Alfred coming in last from the dining room.

(Continued)

H-48 (Cont'd)

SIR ALFRED
(Perceiving Charles)
Ah, there you are, laddy, and very nice too.
(He admires the dinner jacket)
Did you purchase it locally?

CHARLES
It's the last one... anything happens to this I'll have to wear a bath towel.

SIR ALFRED
Don't let it depress you, laddy... worse things happen in the best families. I remember an incident...

CHARLES
(Interrupting)
I hope your niece doesn't think I'm a half-wit.

SIR ALFRED
Oh, bumble-puppy! She's quite used to young men... falling for her!
(He laughs delightedly)
You know, I think that's quite neat... for a nobleman.

CHARLES
(Frowning)
No, it's just that this girl on the boat...

SIR ALFRED
There was a girl on a boat?

CHARLES
She looked so exactly like your niece that...

SIR ALFRED
(Violently)
SH!

He looks all around, then lays a hand on Charles' arm.

SIR ALFRED
Had she the McGlennan eyes... the cornflower blue?

CHARLES
I...I think so.

(Continued)

H-48 (Cont'd)

SIR ALFRED
You must never mention a word of this to a soul.

CHARLES
(Surprised)
What do you mean?

SIR ALFRED
Sh!
(He looks around again before continuing)
You are r-rattling the skeletons in our family closet.
(He looks all around before continuing)
I'm afraid you have stumbled on the sorrow of Sidwich... the secret of the century.

CHARLES
I don't quite follow...

SIR ALFRED
Sh!
(He looks all around, then indicates a window)
Meet me in yonder window embrasure... look as if you knew nothing.

Charles looks exactly like this and walks away. Sir Alfred looks around like a conspirator, then clasps his hands behind his back and follows deviously. The CAMERA TRUCKS AFTER him. He peeks into the bar where the Lady Eve is holding court over the coffee, then joins Charles in the window embrasure.

H-49 REVERSE SHOT - CHARLES AND SIR ALFRED - IN THE WINDOW EMBRASURE

We see part of the bar room and the living room beyond.

SIR ALFRED
Sh!

He looks all around, then jerks his thumb toward Eve.

SIR ALFRED
You see, the Earl was considerably older than her mamma who must never be mentioned again.

(Continued)

H-49 (Cont'd)

CHARLES

Oh.

SIR ALFRED

A May-November romance...even March-December...if you follow me.

CHARLES

You mean...

SIR ALFRED

Sh! She'd die of shame if she knew I told you this...except that she doesn't know it herself... hasn't a suspicion of it, in fact...
(He looks all around before continuing)
You see, into the gulf that separated this unfortunate couple... there was a coachman on the estate... a gay dog, a great hand with the horses...and the ladies...need I say more?

CHARLES

A coachman!

SIR ALFRED

A man who drives horses.

CHARLES

(Irritably)
I know what a coachman is, I just don't...

SIR ALFRED

(Raising a hand for silence)
Sh! They called him "Handsome Harry."

CHARLES

(Electrified)
Handsome Harry!

SIR ALFRED

Sh!

CHARLES

(Making an effort to keep quiet)
But, that's the father of the girl on the....

H-49 (Cont'd)

SIR ALFRED
(Waving him quiet)
Of course it is...the father of the other child...after the divorce, of course.

CHARLES
They look exactly alike.

SIR ALFRED
We must close our minds to that facts...as it brings up the dreadful and thoroughly unfounded suspicion that we must carry to our tombs, you understand...as it is absolutely untenable..... that the coachman, in both instances...need I say more?
(He mops his head)

CHARLES
He did! I mean, it was! .... I mean...

SIR ALFRED
(Seizing him for silence and looking up)
Do you want to bring the walls down about our heads? Silence! To the grave!...and even beyond!
(He mops his head again)

In the background, the Lady Eve appears in the doorway from the bar.

H-50 CLOSE SHOT - EVE - IN THE DOORWAY FROM THE BAR

She steps down.

THE LADY EVE
(Pleasantly)
There you are in your nice white coat. Would you like to come and talk to me?

H-51 SIR ALFRED AND CHARLES

Charles comes forward and the CAMERA PANS HIM into a TWO SHOT WITH EVE.

CHARLES
(Happily)
I certainly would...and I want to apologize for seeming so clumsy tonight. I...

THE LADY EVE
(Charmingly)
Well, that's quite all right. As a matter of fact, I rather enjoyed it.

CHARLES
I'm not that way all the time.

THE LADY EVE
(Consolingly)
Of course you're not.
(She takes his arm)
Now, where shall we go?

CHARLES
(Happily)
Well, there's a conservatory...

THE LADY EVE
Jolly.

She steps forward and stops instantly.

THE LADY EVE
Oh.

CHARLES
What's the matter?

THE LADY EVE
I'm caught.

She looks around sheepishly.

H-52 INSERT - THE END OF EVE'S TRAIN UNDER A CHAIR LEG

H-53 EVE AND CHARLES

CHARLES
(Happily)
Well, I'm glad it isn't my fault this time.

He moves around her and we see Burrows approaching with a large tray containing a coffee service and quantities of cups. The CAMERA PANS DOWN AND TRUCKS IN with Charles as he squats to release her train. Burrows' feet come into the shot as he waits for the young man to complete his task.

CHARLES
(Happily)
There you are...all clear.

He straightens up quickly to a resounding crash as the contents of the tray are tipped over and down on him.

H-54 EVE - TURNING SUDDENLY

She claps her hand over her mouth to stop from having hysterics.

H-55 THE MISERABLE CHARLES - NEXT TO BURROWS

He is drenched with black coffee, including his hair which hangs in wisps.

H-56 MR. PIKE - RISING FROM HIS CHAIR

MR. PIKE
(Stupefied)
Well, I'll be.

FADE OUT

END OF SEQUENCE "H"

SEQUENCE "J"

FADE IN:

J-1 SIR ALFRED - AT THE HEAD OF HIS CHARMING BREAKFAST TABLE

SIR ALFRED
Entirely disgraceful. I've never seen such a farce in a respectable house.

J-2 EVE - LOUNGING IN A WINDOW SEAT

A cup of coffee next to her, a cigarette in her hand.

THE LADY EVE
If I didn't hate him so I would have felt sorry for him. He certainly took some nice falls... he's going to take some more too... Do you know why he didn't recognize me?

SIR ALFRED
Yes.

THE LADY EVE
No you don't. I hardly recognized him; he seemed shorter and bonier...it's because we don't love each other any more...You see on the boat we had an awful yen for each other, so I saw him as very tall and very handsome and he probably thought I had big melting eyes and a rosebud mouth and a figure like Miss Long Beach, the Dream of the Fleet.

SIR ALFRED
You have, for that matter, but I took the further precaution of telling him the plot of "Cecilia, or the Coachman's Daughter"...a gaslight melodrama.

THE LADY EVE
(Awe-struck)
No!

SIR ALFRED
Yes, I have to protect myself, too, you know. I have a shouting interest

J-2 (Cont'd)

SIR ALFRED (Cont'd)
around here. I fed him full of handsome coachmen, elderly Earls, young wives, and the two little girls who looked exactly alike.

THE LADY EVE
You mean he swallowed that?

SIR ALFRED
Like a wolf...so now that you have him, what are you going to do with him?

THE LADY EVE
(Solemnly)
I'm going to finish what I started. I'm going to dine with him, dance with him, swim with him, laugh at his jokes, canoodle with him and then one day, about six weeks from now...

A Manservant enters with an enormous box.

MANSERVANT
Some red roses for Your Ladyship.

THE LADY EVE
Who could they be from?

MANSERVANT
(Examining the card)
From Mr. Charles Pike, Your Ladyship.

THE LADY EVE
Ah, yes, the brewer's son. Just stick them in the umbrella stand, will you?

MANSERVANT
Very good, Milady.
(He exits)

THE LADY EVE
It won't take six weeks. One day, two weeks from now, we'll be riding in the hills...

J-2 (Cont'd)

SIR ALFRED
I don't think he rides.

THE LADY EVE
He'll have to learn...and the sunset will be so beautiful I'll be overcome and have to get off my horse to admire it... and as I stand there against the glory of Mother Nature the horse will steal up behind me and nuzzle my hair...AND SO WILL CHARLES, THE HEEL.

Sir Alfred looks astonished.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-3 A MAGNIFICENT SUNSET THROUGH SOME TREES

J-4 HIGH CAMERA SHOT - EVE AND CHARLES - ON HORSEBACK

They stop their horses to look. Eve gets to the ground gracefully and Charles slides down the saddle.

J-5 EVE AND HER HORSE'S HEAD - AGAINST THE SUNSET

THE LADY EVE
(Dreamily)
How too, too beautiful!

J-6 EVE - WITH CHARLES BEHIND HER

He moves between her and her horse.

THE LADY EVE
Stop that.

CHARLES
(Steamily)
Must I?

THE LADY EVE
I'm sorry...I thought it was the horse.

J-6 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
No, it was me. Eve...

THE LADY EVE
Yes, Charles?

CHARLES
I suppose you know what I'm thinking about.

THE LADY EVE
(Closing her eyes)
Possibly I have an idea.

CHARLES
The...union of two people for life...that is marriage.... shouldn't be taken lightly.

THE LADY EVE
How wise you are.

CHARLES
Men, that is lots of men, are more careful in choosing a tailor than they are in choosing a wife.

THE LADY EVE
That's probably why they look so funny.

CHARLES
(Gently)
No, dear, they're more careful in choosing a tailor than in choosing a wife.

THE LADY EVE
Oh....but not you, Charles.

CHARLES
That's right. I think if there's one time in your life to be careful...to weigh every pro and con ...it's at a time like this.

THE LADY EVE
You can't be too careful.

J-6 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
That's right. Now, you might think that having known you such a short time...

THE LADY EVE
I feel I've known you always.

CHARLES
That's the way I feel about you... I don't see you just here in front of the sunset...

Eve narrows her eyes slightly.

CHARLES
...you seem to go way back... I see you here but at the same time, further away and still further away, way, way back always...in a long place like a...like a.....

THE LADY EVE
(Inspired)
Like a forest glade...

CHARLES
(Happily)
That's right...how did you guess?

THE LADY EVE
Because, that's where I see you... always...We held hands...way, way back.

CHARLES
That's remarkable. That's what you call telepathy.

THE LADY EVE
I can read many of your thoughts.

CHARLES
Then, I hardly have to tell you of the doubts I've had before I brought myself to speak like this... You see, darling, you're so beautiful, you're so fine, you're so...

J-6 (Cont'd)

CHARLES (Cont'd)
I don't deserve you.

THE LADY EVE
(Gently)
Oh, but you do, dear....if anybody ever deserved me...you do, dear...so richly.

CHARLES
(Passionately)
Eve!

THE LADY EVE
(Turning slowly)
Charles.

The horse licks his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-7 CLOSE SHOT - SIR ALFRED - BEHIND HIS DESK

His forehead is furrowed with worry. We hear the first momentous chord of the MUSICAL MONTAGE. As it holds a quivering note --

SIR ALFRED
(Over the music)
But you can't do that! You'll get us all in trouble! You'll jeopardize what has taken me years to build up. I'll most certainly telephone to your father...

The wild laughter of violins mocks him.

J-8 EVE - PAST SIR ALFRED

She is laughing gleefully. Now she waves her riding crop and runs out of the room.

J-9 SIR ALFRED - AT HIS DESK

He seizes a telephone.

J-10 CHARLES - IN HIS MOTHER'S ARMS - IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE PIKE MANSION

His father stands by, listening. Now his mother releases him and his father squeezes his hand in a grip of iron. Charles releases the hand, shakes it and sprints up the stairs. Mr. and Mrs. Pike fall into each other's arms. The CAMERA PANS ONTO Muggsy who looks very sour.

J-11 SIR ALFRED - EXPOSTULATING ON THE TELEPHONE

J-12 COL. HARRINGTON - IN THE NEW YORK APARTMENT

He seems to say: "What?" Gerald listens with his mouth open.

J-13 SIR ALFRED - AT THE TELEPHONE

He hangs up and mops his brow.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-14 THE CHEF - IN THE KITCHEN OF THE PIKE MANSION

He is decorating the first great layer of the wedding cake, about the size of a millstone.

J-15 SOME OF THE PIKE'S SERVANTS - POLISHING SILVER

J-16 EVE - CONSERVATORY PIKE MANSION (PICKUP)

She is getting the first fitting on the wedding dress.

J-17 CHARLES - IN CORNER OF HIS ROOM (PICKUP)

He is being fitted into a cutaway. The CAMERA PANS ONTO Mr. Pike. He is being fitted into a cutaway. The CAMERA PANS ONTO Sir Alfred. He is being fitted into a cutaway and looks very nervous about it. The CAMERA PANS ONTO Burrows being fitted into a dress suit. The CAMERA PANS ONTO Muggsy. He is being fitted into a very stylish French chauffeur's uniform with a frogged tunic.

J-18 THE CHEF - IN THE KITCHEN OF THE PIKE MANSION (PICKUP)

He is decorating the second layer of the wedding cake. Mr. Burrows tries to give him some advice and the Chef threatens him with the pastry gun.

J-19 MRS. PIKE - IN THE CONSERVATORY (PICKUP)

She is being fitted to a lovely afternoon gown. The CAMERA PANS OVER ONTO Gertrude and Martha, the maids, being fitted to new uniforms.

J-20 THE CHEF - WORKING ON ANOTHER LEVEL OF THE WEDDING CAKE

J-21 CHARLES AND MR. PIKE - AND A JEWELER - IN PIKE HALL (PICKUP)

With his hands, Mr. Pike motions for something bigger.

J-22 EVE - IN CONSERVATORY (PICKUP)

She is trying on a traveling outfit.

J-23 THE CHEF - ON A STEPLADDER

He is putting the top on the wedding cake.

J-24 FULL SHOT - THE KITCHEN - SLOW CRANKED

The servants are flying in all directions, making last moment preparations.

J-25 THE MAIN HALL OF THE PIKE MANSION

Furniture and flowers are flying around in all directions. UNDERCRANKED.

J-26 SIR ALFRED

Dressed for the wedding. He stands in front of a cellaret. He drinks a powerful drink to fortify himself.

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J-27 THE PIKE LIVING ROOM ARRANGED FOR THE WEDDING

The guests are ranged on both sides. Charles and his father stand near the CAMERA. The wedding march thunders out. All heads turn and Eve appears in the doorway on the arm of Sir Alfred. Eve comes straight toward us. Charles moves closer. As we get two big heads of them, Eve turns and gives Charles a peculiar smile. The music reaches a climax.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-28 EXT. OF THE PIKE MANSION - FROM BEYOND MUGGSY - AT THE WHEEL OF THE CAR

The guests are ranged inside and outside the house. Now there is excitement and they start throwing rice as Eve and Charles appear in traveling clothes. They jump into the car, slam the door and the car PULLS OUT OF THE SHOT to the tune of tin cans tied to the rear bumper.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-29 COL. HARRINGTON AND GERALD - IN THE NEW YORK APARTMENT

Col. Harrington is at the telephone.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Into the telephone)
Did she look pretty...she did, huhh? Well... thanks, Pearlie.

He hangs up. Now he gets up and addresses Gerald.

COL. HARRINGTON
Very depressing to have your daughter married and not be there.

GERALD
Especially under an assumed name. By the way, is that legal?

J-29 (Cont'd)

COL. HARRINGTON
Seems to be quite legal...women change their names so much anyway, it doesn't seem to matter... But, why did she do it?

GERALD
Maybe to teach him a lesson.

COL. HARRINGTON
How? All she said is: "You'll see," and "Wait till the time comes," and "It won't be long now," and now she's honeymooning on a train with a man she hates.

GERALD
Maybe she's going to shoot him.

COL. HARRINGTON
She's afraid of guns.

GERALD
Maybe she's going to push him out of the window.

Col. Harrington stops for a moment in thought, then relaxes.

COL. HARRINGTON
You can't open a window on a train.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-30 RAILS STRETCHING AWAY FROM US (NIGHT)

The CAMERA is just safely TO ONE SIDE of where the train will pass. Clouds are running across the face of the moon and we see an occasional lightning flash. The streamlined train appears in the distance and thunders PAST US. The CAMERA TURNS UP to the windows.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-31 THE PASSING CARS

DISSOLVE TO:

J-32 CHARLES - IN HIS STATEROOM

He whistles a little as he ties his dressing gown around him, then goes to the communicating door and knocks.

J-33 EVE - AT A DRESSING TABLE IN HER STATEROOM

This is the stateroom of all staterooms. It is necessarily small, but oh my! Terrific is an understatement. The rails are singing beneath us and we can almost smell, in fact we can smell, the perfume that Eve is squirting on herself. Our senses reel as we see her bridal negligee. She turns toward the door in answer to the knock, gives it one long level look, then smiles like a leopardess and almost purrs.

THE LADY EVE
Come in, dear.

The CAMERA PANS OVER TO the door. Charles enters, somewhat shyly, closes the door after him, then crosses to Eve who rises to meet him. She takes his hands.

CHARLES
(Looking around)
I must say Father picked out a swell compartment. You've got to admit that for a brewer he does things nicely.

THE LADY EVE
It's very beautiful.

She shakes her head, then starts to laugh.

CHARLES
What are you laughing about?

THE LADY EVE
Oh, it's nothing... It's just that it's so different it reminds me of that other time.

J-33 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Amiably)
What time was that?

He laughs slightly, wishing to join in the fun. Eve starts laughing so hard that she braces herself against the partition, then sits on the bed.

THE LADY EVE
I must be a little bit hysterical. We didn't have any money so we went third class... and there was a farmer on the opposite bench with a cheese on his lap... Haven't you ever noticed I never eat cheese?... It was very unromantic.

She laughs so hard she bends over.

CHARLES
(Amiably)
But, where were you going?

THE LADY EVE

We eloped.

CHARLES
(With a trifle less smile)
Who?

THE LADY EVE

Me.

Upon seeing his face she becomes serious at once.

THE LADY EVE
It was really nothing, darling...I was only sixteen at the time. You know how romantic young girls are... It wasn't of the slightest importance, I assure you. I'm

J-33 (Cont'd)

THE LADY EVE (Cont'd)
sorry I mentioned it; now, let's pretend I didn't; kiss me, and that's the end of it.

Charles smiles a faint smile and they peck each other on the lips.

THE LADY EVE
Now it's all finished, isn't it?

CHARLES
But, who did you elope with?

THE LADY EVE
(Distressed)
Oh, now I've planted a seed in your mind...Are you sure you want to know? Why don't we just forget the whole thing?

CHARLES
(A little more firmly)
Who was it.

THE LADY EVE
(After a little pause)
Angus.

CHARLES
Angus?

THE LADY EVE
(Reluctantly)
I assure you he was no one of the slightest importance, darling. What a way to spend a wedding night! He was just a groom on Father's estate.

CHARLES
(As if he had swallowed vitriol)
A groom!

THE LADY EVE
Not really the groom, of course. He just put on the groom's uniform on his day off and then he'd be the groom that day...the rest of the time he was the stable boy.

CHARLES
The stable boy!

THE LADY EVE
The boy who cleans up the stable....
Oh, you mean you don't think much

J-33 (Cont'd)

THE LADY EVE
of my choice... but he didn't look so bad in the groom's uniform, with the little tight pants and the boots with the yellow tops and the little fat silk hat. Don't you think they're cute?

CHARLES
(Emphatically)
I do not!

THE LADY EVE
(Ruefully)
Now you're upset. I never know when to keep my mouth closed. I was always taught to be frank and honest... It was really nothing, dear..nothing at all... We ran away but they caught us and brought us back, and that's all there was to it...except they discharged him.

CHARLES
(With conviction)
Good!

Eve shrugs as if she thinks the punishment was rather severe.

CHARLES
And when they brought you back it was before nightfall, I trust.

THE LADY EVE
(Round-eyed)
Oh, no...

CHARLES
You were out all night?

THE LADY EVE
(Almost on the verge of tears)
It took them <u>weeks</u> to find us, darling. You see, we'd make up different names at the different inns we stayed at.

She starts to giggle.

THE LADY EVE
You'd die at some of the names we thought of. I remember....

J-33 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Interrupting)
Yes, I'm sure I would.

THE LADY EVE
(As sweet as molasses)
Now you're all upset.

She clasps her hands and holds them between her knees. She steals a glance at him, then looks away.

J-34 THE NIGHT SKY

Lightning flashes and we hear the rumble of thunder.

J-35 THE EXTERIOR OF THE COMPARTMENT

Raindrops appear on the window.

J-36 EVE AND CHARLES - IN THE COMPARTMENT

Eve is looking up toward the thunder but Charles sits stationary, like Rodin's Thinker. She steals a look at him, then looks away again. We hear the clickety-clack of the rail joints for a while.

CHARLES
(Suddenly and in a stern croak)
Eve!

THE LADY EVE
(Startled)
Yes, darling.

CHARLES
(Nobly, in a voice which gets gentler and gentler)
If there is one thing that distinguishes a man from a beast, it is the ability to understand...and understanding, forgive.
(He pauses and Eve steals a look at him)
Surely the qualities of mercy, understanding and sweet forgiveness...

His voice trails off so that Eve doesn't hear the last words.

THE LADY EVE
(Leaning forward)
Sweet what?

J-36 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
(Yelling at her savagely)
SWEET FORGIVENESS!

THE LADY EVE
Oh.
(She looks down at her knees)

Charles glares at her for a moment while recapturing his qualities of deep understanding and sweet mercy.

CHARLES
(As noble as possible)
I won't conceal from you that I wish this hadn't happened but it has...and so it has. A girl of sixteen is practically an idiot anyway, so I can't very well blame you now for something that was practically done by somebody else.
(He clears his throat)
I want to thank you for being so frank with me...The name of Angus will never cross my lips again and I hope that you will do likewise. Now, let's smile and be as we were.

With a superhuman effort he turns to her and smiles like a gargoyle. Eve takes his hand and pets it.

THE LADY EVE
I knew you'd be that way...I knew it the first moment I saw you standing beside me. I knew you'd be both husband and father to me. I knew I could trust you and confide in you... I suppose that's why I fell in love with you.

CHARLES
Thank you.

THE LADY EVE
(In a small voice, looking away)
I wonder if now would be the time to tell you about Herman?

CHARLES
(Electrified)
Herman! Who was Herman?

Eve gives him a frightened look before getting ready to begin.

J-37 THE ENTRANCE TO A RAILWAY TUNNEL - (NIGHT)

On the side of the entrance an antique sign reads:

"PULL IN YOUR HEAD --
WE'RE COMING TO A TUNNEL"

With a loud shriek the train roars into the tunnel. It is raining.

DISSOLVE TO:

J-38 THE EXIT OF THE TUNNEL - HIGH CAMERA SHOT

The train roars out PAST US.

J-39 INT. OF THE SWAYING COMPARTMENT

CHARLES
(Outraged)
Vernon! I thought you said Herman!

THE LADY EVE
(Looking away)
Vernon was Herman's friend.

CHARLES
(To no one in particular)
What a friend!

J-40 THE NIGHT SKY

We see some violent flashes of lightning.

J-41 A RAILWAY BRIDGE

The train roars TOWARD US.

J-42 EXT. OF THE CAR

Eve rolls up the curtain to see what the noise is. Charles stands behind her, apparently yelling questions.

J-43 INT. OF THE CAR

THE LADY EVE
(Turning from the window)
What did you say, dear?

J-43 (Cont'd)

CHARLES
I said, now do you mean Hubert or Herbert?

THE LADY EVE
They were John's twin cousins.

CHARLES
John's! Who was John?

Eve clutches her head.

J-44 EXT. OF THE TRAIN

It is flashing by us. As it moves away the CAMERA PANS with it. It disappears into the distance.

J-45 A VERY SMALL COUNTRY STATION - (NIGHT)

This can also be a watertower. It is raining cats and dogs. The train is squeaking to a stop.

J-46 LONG SHOT - AT A CAR

The door flies open and a suitcase is pitched out into the mud. It is followed by a second one, and a third one which bursts open, scattering its contents in all directions. We hear the locomotive whistle, and the train starts to move.

J-47 CLOSE SHOT - THE DOOR OF THE CAR

Charles appears in dressing gown and pajamas, a hat on his head and his pants hanging over his arm. His dressing gown catches on something which delays him for a moment. Now he leaps clear, slips and sits down in the mud.

J-48 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - EVE - IN THE COMPARTMENT

She watches out of the window for a while, then lowers the shade. She is neither laughing nor triumphant. Rather forlornly she sits by the window.

FADE OUT

END OF SEQUENCE "J"

10-18-40

SEQUENCE "K"

FADE IN:

K-1 MR. PIKE'S OFFICE - IN THE BRIDGEFIELD BREWING COMPANY - (NIGHT)

This is somewhat oaky and Germanic and suggests the lair of a beer baron. Through a window we see part of the brewery. Mr. Pike is at his desk, watching a lawyer at the telephone. This lawyer is watched by two other lawyers. Two more lawyers hold a conference in the background. Charles stands unhappily near the desk.

LAWYER AT TELEPHONE
Well, you can give her a message, can't you?

MR. PIKE
Raise it fifty.

One of the two lawyers holding the conference in the background leaps forward.

THE LAWYER
Don't be too hasty.

MR. PIKE
(Roughly)
Lay off.
(Then to the lawyer at the telephone)
You tell her...

LAWYER AT TELEPHONE
Our client has authorized us...

He is apparently shut off by a stream of conversation.

LAWYER AT TELEPHONE
(Indignantly)
But, that's unheard of... that's what lawyers are for...

He reacts unpleasantly to something, then holds his hand over the phone.

LAWYER AT TELEPHONE
He says...

MR. PIKE
Who says?

LAWYER AT TELEPHONE
I don't know. I naturally presumed it was her lawyer, but he says she says she won't have anything to do with lawyers.

K-1 (Cont'd)

A LAWYER
But that's entirely irregular.

MR. PIKE
Well...it's a thought.

K-2 EVE, HER FATHER AND GERALD - IN THE NEW YORK APARTMENT

In the BACKGROUND we see Sir Alfred at the telephone.

THE LADY EVE
I tell you I won't see any lawyer.

COL. HARRINGTON
But these things are always handled by lawyers.

THE LADY EVE
Well, this is one time it isn't going to be. This is entirely between...my husband and myself.

COL. HARRINGTON
What's the matter with you? They want to make a settlement. They'll give you half when you leave for Reno and the balance at the end of six weeks...name your own price. For once that we have a chance to make some honest money...

THE LADY EVE
Tell them to go peel an eel.

Her father and Gerald exchange a look.

COL. HARRINGTON
I don't think you understand the beauty of your situation... You have a royal flush.

GERALD
You have him right by the ears.

COL. HARRINGTON
You know, I had nothing to do with this arrangements, but now that you're in it you might as well...

Eve gets up, crosses to the telephone held by Sir Alfred and says:

K-2 (Cont'd)

THE LADY EVE
(Into the telephone)
Will you let me speak with Mr. Pike, please?

K-3 MR. PIKE'S OFFICE IN BRIDGEFIELD

LAWYER AT TELEPHONE
(Holding his hand over the telephone; excitedly)
She's on the phone...she wants to talk to Mr. Pike.

A LAWYER IN THE BACKGROUND
We can't allow that...that's entirely irregular.

MR. PIKE
(Roughly)
Shut up!
(Now he turns to his son)
Will you talk to her?

CHARLES
(Violently)
I'll rot before I'll talk to her.

Mr. Pike reaches for the phone.

THE LAWYER IN THE BACKGROUND
Mr. Pike, I advise you against...

MR. PIKE
(Ignoring him - into telephone)
Hello, Eve... this is Horace talking.

K-4 EVE - AT THE TELEPHONE

THE LADY EVE
Hello, darling... I'm awfully sorry about the trouble I've made you all... I thought I had a reason, but now...
(Her lips tremble as she pauses before continuing)

K-4 (Cont'd)

THE LADY EVE (Cont'd)
I just wanted to tell you: I won't see any lawyers because there's nothing to see them about...I don't want any money...I don't want any anything...He can have back his jewelry...and anything else there is... and I'll go to Reno at my own expense... I think that's only fair... There's only one thing I want: I want to see him first and I want him to ask me... to be free. That's all... no money, no nothing, only he has to come here to ask me... because I have something to tell him... before we part.

She lowers her eyes and a big tear rolls down her cheek.

K-5 MR. PIKE - AT THE TELEPHONE

MR. PIKE
Just a minute.
(He puts his hand over the receiver; to his son)
All she wants is for you to go to New York and ask her.

THE LAWYER
It's a trick.

MR. PIKE
Will you shut up!
(Then to his son)
That's all she wants. Now, what time can you...

CHARLES
Oh, it is, is it? Well, you tell her that if she waits til I ask her anything she'll wait til Havana freezes over. And I'll tell you something else that you can tell her.

A LAWYER
Quite right.

MR. PIKE
(Into the telephone)
I'll have to call you back, Eve... He stepped out of the office for a minute; I'll call you back.

K-5 (Cont'd)

MR. PIKE (Cont'd)
(Now he turns to his son)
Now, listen, you numbskull....

CHARLES
Go ahead and talk... I'm listening.

DISSOLVE TO:

K-6 EVE - STANDING IN FRONT OF A WINDOW - IN THE NEW YORK APARTMENT

Behind her we see the Manhattan night skyline. In different seats in the room sit her father, Sir Alfred and Gerald looking very glum. Suddenly the phone rings. Eve turns and runs to it. The CAMERA PANS WITH her.

THE LADY EVE
(Hopefully)
Hello...Yes, Horace.

K-7 MR. PIKE - AT THE TELEPHONE

His lawyers stand in the BACKGROUND but there is no sign of Charles.

MR. PIKE
I'm sorry, Eve, he won't do it... I thought it was a pretty fair offer... As a matter of fact, I think you're a sucker to make it.

One of his lawyers clutches his head in horror.

MR. PIKE (Continuing)
But he won't do it... He seemed very bitter... I'm sorry...

K-8 EVE - AT THE TELEPHONE

THE LADY EVE
(Distressed)
Let me talk to him, please, Horace.

K-9 MR. PIKE - AT THE TELEPHONE

MR. PIKE
I don't think he'd talk to you, Eve, and anyway he's gone to say good-bye to his mother.

K-10 EVE - AT THE TELEPHONE

THE LADY EVE
Oh.
(Suddenly sitting up)
Where's he going?.....
WHAT?

She turns around and looks at the clock, then hurries to her feet. She finishes in a very small voice.

THE LADY EVE
Thank you, Horace.

She hangs up, then holds her hand over her mouth for a moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

K-11 LONG SHOT - THE S. S. SOUTHERN QUEEN LEAVING MANHATTAN - (NIGHT)

DISSOLVE TO:

K-12 A LONG CORRIDOR OF THE SHIP

Charles appears in a lounge suit, slams his cabin door after him, walks to the corner NEAR US and starts up the steps. The CAMERA PANS WITH him.

K-13 THE ENTRANCE TO THE SMOKING ROOM

The CAMERA PANS Charles into the room. As he gets squarely in front of us he trips and the CAMERA FLIES a few feet with him as he regains his balance and turns indignantly.

K-14 JEAN AND COL. HARRINGTON - ON A BANQUETTE

JEAN
(Examining her shoe)
Why don't you look where you're...

Now a look of astonishment comes across her face.

JEAN
Hello, Hopsie.

COL. HARRINGTON
(Sourly)
Good evening.

K-15 CHARLES

CHARLES
(Stupefied)
Hopsie!

He comes forward a few feet.

CHARLES
(Continuing)
Hopsie!

The CAMERA PANS him INTO THE SHOT with them.

CHARLES
Jean!

JEAN
(Her eyes wet with tears)
Hello, Hopsie.

He crushes her mouth to his. As she relaxes in his arms Colonel Herrington looks around uneasily.

K-16 A GROUP IN THE ROOM - LOOKING ON

K-17 ANOTHER GROUP IN THE ROOM - LOOKING ON

K-18 A THIRD GROUP IN THE ROOM - LOOKING ON

They begin to pound on the table with their glasses.

K-19 JEAN, CHARLES AND COLONEL HARRINGTON

CHARLES
(Separating from Jean)
I'm sorry... but if you knew... what it means to me... to find you. Can we go to your cabin or some place?

COL. HARRINGTON
(Severely)
Now, just a minute.

CHARLES
(Seizing his hand and pumping it up and down)
I'm delighted to see you, Colonel... We must play cards this trip... lots of cards.

K-19 (Cont'd)

CHARLES (Cont'd)
(He waves to a steward)
Some champagne for the Colonel.
(Then to Jean)
Come on.

They hurry out of the smoking room.

K-20 ONE OF THE GROUPS

THE LADY
(Shocked)
That is probably one of the most scandalous meetings I've ever seen anywhere.

HER HUSBAND
(To a Steward)
What kind of a boat is this?

K-21 THE STAIRS LEADING DOWN TO JEAN'S DECK

Jean pauses on the last step.

JEAN
You really haven't the right to drag me off like this, Hopsie.

He kisses her again. An old lady and an old gentleman come around from a corridor and stop in amazement.

THE OLD LADY
Are you sure we're on the right boat, Sylvester?

Charles and Jean spring to life. He puts his arm around her and they hurry down the hall.

K-22 INT. OF JEAN'S CABIN

It is dark. The door opens and Charles and Jean step inside. Once more they kiss passionately.

JEAN
(Fighting for breath)
Why didn't you take me in your arms that day in the bank... Why did you let me go? Why did we have to go through all this nonsense? Don't you know you're the only man I ever loved, you big fathead? Don't you

K-22 (Cont'd)

JEAN (Cont'd)
know I couldn't look at another man if I wanted to? Don't you know I waited all my life for you... and then talked too much... you big mug.

CHARLES
Will you forgive me?

JEAN
For what? Oh, you mean...on the boat...the question is, will you forgive me.

CHARLES
What for?

JEAN
Oh, you still don't understand.

CHARLES
I don't want to understand...I don't want to know...Whatever it is, keep it to yourself. All I know is that I adore you, that I'll never leave you again, we'll work it out somehow...and that...I have no right to be in your cabin.

JEAN
Why?

CHARLES
Because I'm married.

JEAN
(Softly)
But so am I, darling, so am I.

She pushes the door closed. After four seconds it opens stealthily and Muggsy flattens out through it. He closes the door very softly. He looks straight INTO THE CAMERA.

MUGGSY
Positively, the same dame.

FADE OUT.

THE END

10-18-40